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club

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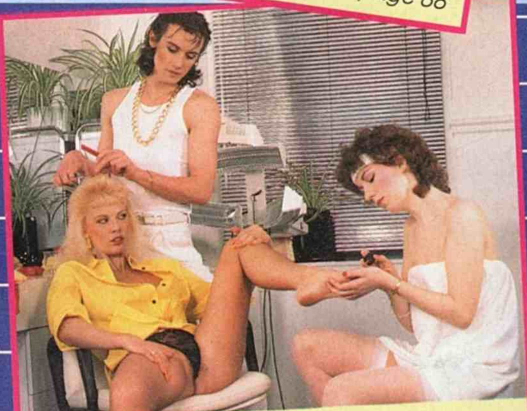

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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Top Shelf Blues

I wish I was a tea boy, or whatever, in your office. Local people only have to blow the whistle on an individual for having been seen buying 'pornography' and one's life wouldn't be worth a bottle top. It's a constant nagging fear. I'm not thick, and probably trainable. Bloody public morals!? More like a disrespect for individual freedom!

I once saw a chap, aged about 60, reaching up to the top shelf in a newsagent's. The whole lot fell down. I felt so ashamed of myself because I didn't rush across to help him pick them up; a fellow sufferer and I didn't even help him.

I wish there was some way we could buy without feeling like the lowest of the low. Everybody's so goody-goody around here – you can almost smell church on their duffle coats. Can't *somebody* highlight the world's hypocrisies?

Ernie, Devon

You just have done – Ed.

Repped!

I'm employed as a purchasing officer for an engineering company in Carlisle. One day, a lady rep from a company in Weston-super-Mare came to see if she could interest me in any of her firm's wares. But, from the sight of her, I was more interested in *her* wares.

After a little chat about the goods, I quickly changed the subject to something a bit more personal. I was quite happy to hear she was 24 and single, me being 22 and single. While all the chatting was going on, I was eyeing this beautiful creature from head to toe. She was dressed in a black cardigan, white blouse, black pencil skirt – wait for it – white fishnet stockings, and black, high-heeled stilettos.

After an hour or so, just before she was about to leave, she asked me for the address of a particular hotel in Carlisle, as she was going to book in overnight before travelling south in the morning. After I had given her directions, I asked her bluntly if there was any chance of taking her for a drink that night, and, quite surprisingly, she said: 'I don't see why not.' So we arranged to meet in the hotel bar that evening. On her way out, she said: 'See you tonight, big boy.' I just laughed, but thought to myself: 'I fucking-well hope so.'

I went to the hotel bar a bit early, thinking I had better get a couple of pints in myself to calm the nerves down. After about 20 minutes, she walked in – and what a gorgeous sight she was. She was wearing a black leather skirt, black fishnet stockings and a white, baggy T-shirt.

While we were having a meal, the subject of sex popped up for the first time, and what was coming out of this lady's mouth made me think I had a real nymph on my hands. Later on, she said we'd better go back to the hotel bar before last orders, and who was I to argue? Once there, we sat in a quiet little corner and started talking about sex again. But then she said we should get some drinks, go to her room and finish the conversation there.

In her room, I sat on the edge of the bed while she poured me a glass of wine. After a few more glasses, the immortal line came: 'I think I'll go and change into something more casual.' At the thought of that, my cock gave a little bit of movement.

After five or ten minutes had passed, I heard a voice say: 'Steve; over here.' I looked up, and there was Samantha, dressed to kill. She slowly walked over to me. The bulge in my pants was clearly showing, and I could tell Sam was looking straight at it. She sat herself on top of me, legs either side of me and her breasts straight in my face.

I looked down at her pussy, and her black G-string wasn't hiding much of what seemed to be a great mass of pubic hair. I put my hands around her back, at the same time kissing her neck and slowly but calmly undoing her black half-cup bra. Once that was out of the way, I started to nibble at her large, stiff-pointed nipples. This made her rub her buttocks hard against my erection. She pulled away and lowered her head towards my cock.

Once there, she took off my pants. She took hold of my cock with both hands – then out came her tongue and she started licking my helmet. Then she closed her mouth around it

So beautiful, it's nearly unbelievable – that's Zoe

How does Maggie fare on the old trombone playing?

and started sucking and jerking. I could feel my cock throbbing, and, just before I came, she pulled her mouth away and started wanking me.

After just a few seconds, I was shooting my load all over her face. She must have wanted me to do that, because she didn't move from the line of fire. After she had wiped all the spunk from her face, she stood up and removed her black G-string.

While she was doing this, I quickly removed the rest of my clothes. Then I sat her on the edge of the bed and parted her legs so I could get a good look at her beautiful cunt. She parted her lips for me so I could get an even better view. After looking, I sank my tongue in as far as it would go. She gave out an almighty scream. When she orgasmed, I went on going, hoping she would orgasm again. We both fell to the floor.

Her legs parted, and she whispered: 'Fuck me for all you're worth!' As she guided my cock into her pussy hole, I lifted myself up so I could see my shaft ramming into her. The groans that were coming from her made me realize she wanted more. I started pounding as hard as I could, and could feel my balls banging against the bottom of her arse.

She wrapped her legs around me, dug her nails into my back, and whispered she was coming. I felt my balls suddenly tighten up, then I had my second orgasm, followed by her second. Jetting my spunk into her warm, juicy twat was one great feeling.

We then pulled ourselves to our feet, and, to my surprise, she once again started wanking me. So I guided my fingers towards her pussy, then inserted two of them into her, moving them faster each time and letting her cunt juices flow freely all over my fingers. Once my cock was hard again, I bent her over the bed and slapped my cock doggy-style up her pussy. At the same time, I put my arms around her and cupped her breasts.

Sam really knew how to enjoy her sex, because the faster I went, the more she kept lifting her arse in the air so she could feel the full length of my cock. It took me a lot longer to come this time, but I was glad: this was the best bit of back-shagging I had ever had, and Sam was definitely the best bit of twat I had ever had.

Needless to say, I extracted a promise that she would come and see me again.

Steve, Carlisle

Perfect Pair

Please, please, please show more piccies of the gorgeous Zoe and Maggie (Vol 15 No 1). They are so beautiful, it's nearly unbelievable; even my very bashful girlfriend admits they are just a bit more perfect than her.

But are they better than my girlfriend at sucking cocks? I'd love to try it out. I would suck Zoe's gigantic nipples until she begs me to stop, and would then lick her beautiful cunt until she climaxed. Then she could suck my eight-incher and drink a pint or two of spunk. I would end by entering her in the position she's in on page 38.

I would then turn to Maggie while Zoe's still panting for breath. I'd suck her in the doggy-style position she's in on pages 10 and 11.

Eldon, Reading

Top Ten Corner

1 Kathleen Turner (actress – *Prizzi's Honour, Romancing the Stone, Body Heat*)
2 Rosanna Arquette (actress – *Desperately Seeking Susan, Silverado*)
3 Jane Fonda (actress and civil rights spokesperson)
4 Sigourney Weaver (actress – *Alien, Ghostbusters*)
5 Linzi Drew (model, actress – *American Werewolf In London*)
6 Germaine Greer (writer)
7 Chris Lloyd (tennis star)
8 Marlene Dietrich (at *any* stage in her career)
9 Nastassia Kinski (actress from *Cat People*)
10 Greta Scacchi (actress – *Defence Of The Realm*)

Paul, Newcastle

College Capers

I was practising my netball with my roommate, Rachel. The reason for this was that we had a very important netball match last week which we won; but I didn't play at all well, so I needed to improve my form for another very important match coming up. Rachel and I stayed on practising for about an hour after our teammates had gone.

Afterwards, we went to the showers. I had just enough time to wash all the sweat off my body, get changed, spray some perfume on and then wait for my boyfriend to knock on my room door to take me out to dinner (my boyfriend is studying at the same college as me).

I walked with Rachel from the showers to our room. I was wearing my silky see-through nightdress, and Rachel was wearing something similar. When we reached our room, we fell on to our beds, knackered as hell. I was nearly dozing off when I heard a knock at the door. 'Ready yet?' called Bob.

'No, not quite; but come in and wait, anyway,' I said.

He was looking very sexy. I went to my drawer and got all the items of clothing I needed: stockings, suspenders, knickers, bra, etc.

'There's no need to hurry – we've got plenty of time,' said Bob. As I turned towards him I noticed a bulge in his trousers, probably because of all my items of clothing. I felt very wet.

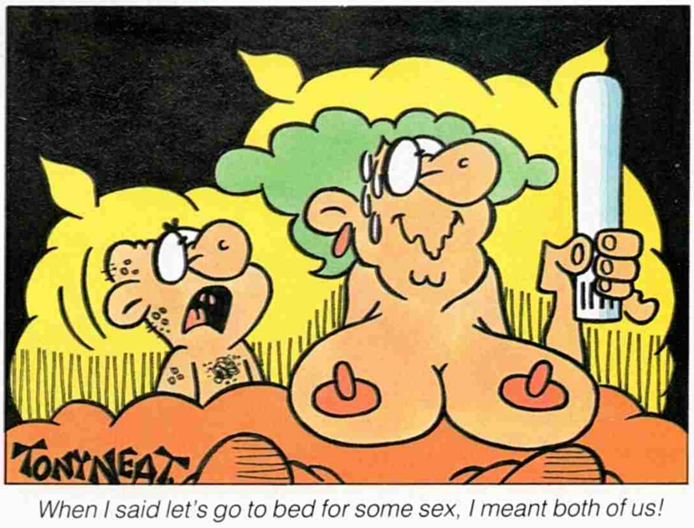
I went and lay next to him and gave him a quick kiss. Rachel was watching. 'What's going to happen next?' asked Bob.

'This!' I said in a flash. I zipped down his flies and got his eight-inch penis out. After I'd given him a little wank, I kissed the head of his beauty.

'Rachel,' I said, 'suck his cock while I strip him.' She responded immediately. Bob opened his legs as wide as he could so Rachel could have some breathing space – or, rather, panting space.

When he was fully naked, I sucked his cock and Rachel placed her tight cunt in front of his mouth. He started licking

VIBES by Tony Neat



When I said let's go to bed for some sex, I meant both of us!

READER'S WRITES

her clitoris as if it were a lollipop. He came into my mouth, and Rachel orgasmed at the same time. Then we stopped.

'Is that it?' he asked.

'No. Just wait till we take our dresses off,' I said.

'You've tasted *my* come, now let me taste yours – in my cunt hole, not in my mouth,' said Rachel. He stood up while Rachel jumped on to my bed and opened her legs, revealing a mass of pubic hair around her love hole. I played with myself as he inserted his penis the full length into Rachel. In and out it went, until, finally . . .

'Ah, lovely! That's nice! Don't you think you should give some to Rebecca?' gasped Rachel.

Rachel was panting like mad as I lay on all fours with my arse high in the air. Bob flicked his tongue against my clit until I came. I was now desperate for his cock. He guided it into me from behind (oh, how I love that feeling!) and moaned as he came like a ton of bricks.

'More! More!' I groaned.

He took his beauty out, pushed me on to my back and then I wanked him until he came again, this time on my tits. I reached for my tits and licked it all off.

'You better get changed; it's nearly time to go,' said Bob.

'I will – unless you've got any more energy left,' I said.

I doubted if he had, after coming several times and fucking two girls. And I was right.

Rebecca, Reading

Fab Fantasies

I write to ask most strongly of you that you think twice before putting out another issue of Club International such as Vol 15 No 2. I mean, I ask you – what is it going to do to a young, red-blooded male like myself when confronted by such an array of stunning young women in all their naked beauty?

Naturally, my fantasies have been about which girl I should decide to go for first. Sheila is the one I would like to take on a boat trip any time, as her beautiful long thighs and breasts would take my mind off boating altogether. How I would love to ram my cock into her with those long legs around my shoulders!

Gina would also be a real favourite of mine. How I would love her to wank my tool off, just wearing her pink stockings and stilletos with her jewellery and make-up on. It would be a real turn-on to shoot my spunk all over her gorgeous body. And what would I give to be where the man is in the pictures!

The runner-up in my fantasy stakes would be Bobby. I would be satisfied no end to rub my erect cock up and down on those silky, red-stockinged thighs of hers. Then I would like to toss off between her tits and come all over her face and neck.

But my No 1 in your girl stakes would definitely have to be that beautiful, horny, sexy-looking Charlene. She is dressed in exactly the way my fantasy girl would be; namely those black fishnet seamed stockings, garter belt, suspenders and matching corset.

My fantasy with Charlene would be for her to do a private striptease for me, taking off her maid's outfit and then undoing her corset and showing her lovely breasts. After that, she would remove her pants, turning her back to me to give me my first glance of that gorgeous arse, with those cheeks pushing into my face.

By this time, I have a raging hard-on and can stand it no longer. I have my trousers and pants down in a flash, and I'm wanking in full appreciation of what I see. Charlene would then get down in front of me and begin to take over wanking my tool into her gorgeous face. She would then take my member between those luscious red lips of hers and proceed to suck me off.

We would change positions, though, as I can think of no better way to finish off in her mouth than for her to get her stockinged legs around my shoulders and sit that glorious bum of hers on my face. Then, I could bury myself between her cheeks as I came deeply in her mouth.

Well, I suppose I better come back down to earth, while still living in hope that I might meet someone like Charlene some day. I suppose stranger things have happened.

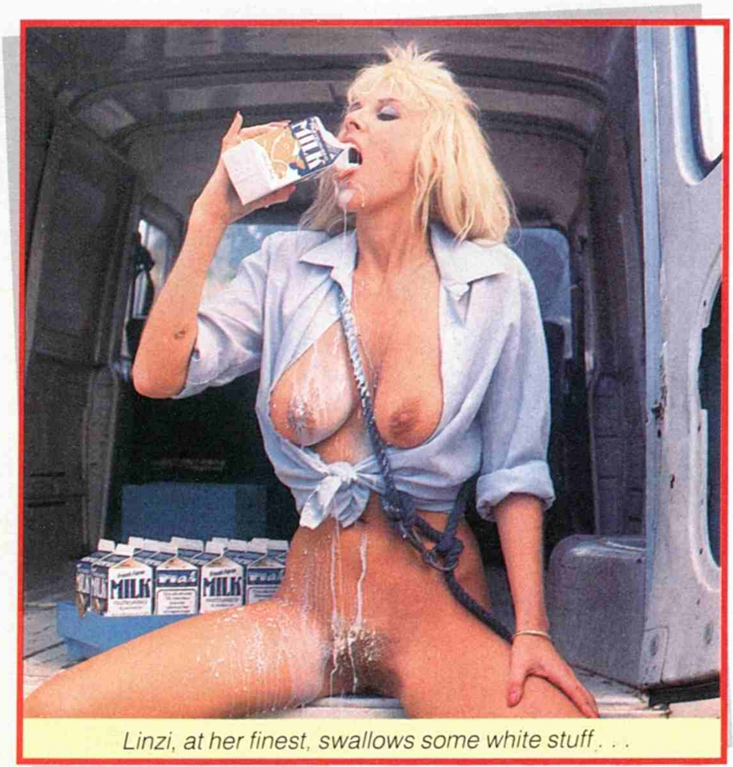
Name and address withheld

Too Tempting

I have just received Club Vol 15 No 2, and feel I have to congratulate you on such a fantastic issue, you bastards.

Why the insult? Well, after weeks of struggling with myself, convincing myself I should give

Continued on page 63



Linzi, at her finest, swallows some white stuff . . .

Gi

CLEO

If you'd been wandering in the desert for five days and you spotted THIS on the horizon, you'd have cause for worry. An oasis and a centrefold girl with her legs akimbo? Gad, sir, whatever next? An aged camel and Colonel Gaddafi with his trousers down? Damn cruel things, these mirages! So change out of those ragged khaki shorts, have a glass of iced Perrier, and return to page 77 refreshed – and relieved that the 'desert' that features so prominently in Cleo's photo set is in fact a strip of wasteland that butts on to the grounds of a well-known Tunis hotel. And that Cleo, far from a heat-induced hallucination, is in fact a nice, sensible computer programmer from Telford, Shropshire. In actual fact, Cleo reports that shooting nudie pics in North Africa is anything but a laughing matter. The locals are by all accounts 'very into' Islam right now – leastways very NOT into decadent Western ways. So Cleo and Club's lensman had to be up at five am (an hou before the first call to prayer) t shoot in safety. Silly, really. She' have looked just as good in her ol black stockings, lolloping over th old Chesterfield in the basemen studio! **Page 77 reveals all!**

l Talk

ROSEMARY

Appearances can be deceptive. Not being rude, there are certain angles from which Rosemary looks slightly – *slightly*, mind you! – south London. Possibly it's the make-up, maybe the hair, but you'd hardly mistake her for the really rather (rath-*er*!) Sloaney lady Rosemary happens to be. A product (victim?) of Swiss finishing school and the debutante social scene, Rosemary recently abandoned her junior partnership in an estate agency to go it alone in a less cloying work environment, one in which you're evaluated according to what you know, as opposed to whose little gel you are. Rosemary – a highly qualified 23-year-old – now has her own PR business. Not too many substantial clients so far – a Jap forklift outfit here, an Italian couture house there – but she's making a name for herself as only Rosemary knows how: by sheer hard graft. And the saucy pics – what brought that about? 'Well, it certainly wasn't the money!' says Rosemary, insultingly. 'It was partly a two-fingers gesture to the SW3 set, partly to (hopefully!) turn my boyfriend on.'

On both accounts, one thinks one might have succeeded, old gel. **See for yourself on page 28.**

ANNA

Anna (real name Annaliese von Schpfsomething-Or-Other) is a 19-year-old model from Munich who speaks English fluently, though with a delightfully fruity German accent: very *Blue Angel*. Highly successful at home with bags of fashion (catwalk) and editorial work to her credit, Anna's currently domiciled in London's West End with her 43-year-old British film technician boyfriend, who is adamant Anna earns her own living. It's not that things are THAT bad in the UK movie business (give or take a *Revolution* or two); he simply doesn't want his lovely young lady growing up with a gold-digging mentality. Very wise, too! Coming from a country with a penchant for (very kinky) porn, Anna was bemused that, in terms of explicitness, so little was required from her for the set starting on page 8. In her own words: 'No lezzer sinks?' At just 19, she's yet to learn the glamour business is choc-full of mutton-dressed-as-lamb models . . . that, unlike most models, she's so perfectly put together, there's no earthly need to camp it up in fetishwear. *Lezzer sinks?* No ta, doll. We'll save the wellies, the sink plunger and the Lone Ranger mask for later! **For now, though, take a trip to page 8!**

SABBA

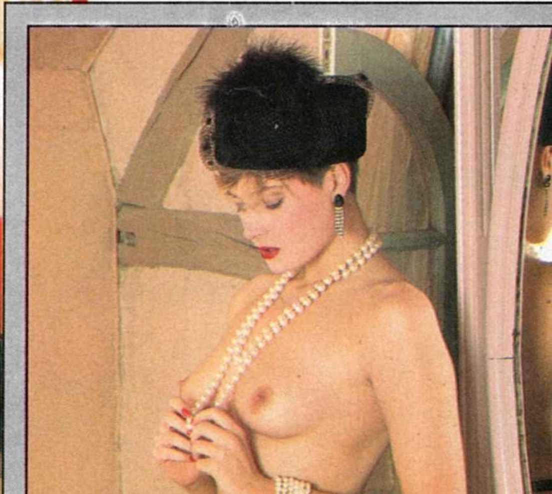
Once a year, we arrange our very own 'talent contest' down on the French Riviera. We hire a very flash villa to impress the hell out of everybody, and audition likely local ladies, plus any suitably suntanned tourists who feel they're in the mood for 'baring all'. Cap D'Agde being the new nudist centre of Europe (see Vol 15 No 1), it's a natural hunting ground for centrespread girls. Take Sabba here. An 18-year-old student on a naturist vacation with her parents from Malmo, Sweden. Tanned, youthful and superbly shapely, it seemed unnecessary to ask her to reveal the contents of her bikini, because Sabba was so obviously 'all there': it was just a question of getting her to sign the model release form. In fact the whole process (from intro to in-the-can) was completed within eight hours. And Sabba? Lamentably, her English was . . . lamentable, though she communicated readily enough via the international language of S.E.X., willingly manipulating her lovely limbs in every unladylike position imaginable; so adroitly, in fact, she was the unanimous choice for this month's centrefold . . . **which starts on page 44.**

LIANNE

In a film called *Blow Out*, a lady who looked a lot like Lianne found herself on the receiving end of a highly-polished steel manifold from a Bugatti that looked a lot like the one Lianne cavorts around on on page 64. Except that, in the movie, the Bugatti was all original, not a replica. And, of course, it goes without saying you can't compare the thrill of being goosed by original Bugatti spare parts! Oddly enough, Lianne – a 20-year-old art college student from Rustington, Sussex – is something of an 'auto buff' herself. While there's no concours Isotta-Fraschini lurking in an air-conditioned garage, Lianne nevertheless has a very nice, rust-free Mini Cooper S residing on jacks in her lean-to. A 'strapping' big, healthy girl with an even strappinger boyfriend (gym teacher at a local Comprehensive), Lianne confessed to having failed to 'get it on' inside the Mini, late one night when her parents were staying over. Concluding that motorists must have grown an average of two feet since the 60s, Lianne and Ian gave up the grope in favour of a cold quickie over the bonnet. You know, you still can't beat a Transit with an old mattress in the back. **And our pictures on page 64 take some beating, too . . .**

Photographs by Serge Jacques

ANNA



LIFE WITH Linz

LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for *Club International*. Aren't you lucky?

Since joining the Club team two years ago, the most frequent randy request I've received is not only to get 'em off – but shave 'em off as well! So – owing to such popular demand, I am the proud owner of a smooth, naked, shaved puss. This month I'll be letting you all have a good look, and letting you in on a few secrets on how I did it. And, better still, I'll spill the beans about what fun I had once I had acquired this new smooth little toy.

For quite a while now, I've been contemplating the big chop, but have always been a little apprehensive as to which method is best. So when my rather hunky hairdresser offered to help out, how could I refuse? I booked up for the full treatment: my hair, manicure, pedicure, full body massage and the *pièce de resistance* – my pubes!

When the big day arrived, I turned up all hot to trot. But, to my dismay, I found my usual hairdresser was off sick and I was left in the 'very capable hands' of Vincent, a very gay fellow indeed . . . if you get my drift! I was a little wary at first about the results of Vincent's handiwork on my treasured little pussy, but he did seem to have a nice touch, so I thought: 'What the hell – here we go!'

Sexy Assistant

Vincent was helped along by a very sexy assistant called Emma, who set about the task of trimming all my long, golden pubes until they were all short and spiky. Then they both covered my quim in creamy shaving foam and – very, very slowly – Vincent shaved off the rest of my crowning glory whilst Emma trickled warm water to rinse away the now unwanted pubes.

It felt very strange indeed, and I couldn't stop staring at my new, neat puss in the mirrors. Mind you, the first time I touched myself, I shouted out: 'Yuk!' It didn't actually feel 'yuk', it was just a real shock to feel a fleshy mound instead of a hairy one!

Emma gave me some moisturizer to keep me feeling smooth, and, when I rubbed that in, it sent a tingle right through me. Just the right time for the body massage. I glanced at Vincent and Emma to see who was going to give me a rub down, and I was quite relieved when Emma picked up the body lotion and asked me to follow her to the massage room.

Emma had a very firm touch, and, by the time she had finished with me, I was feeling very randy. It was a good job I had a date that night, or I might have jumped on the poor girl. Maybe she would have liked it and I missed my chance? Anyway, I didn't really have time to ponder that one too much as I had to zoom off to meet this guy, Chris, whom I've been out with a few times lately. He's a bit of a 'Hooray Henry', but quite sexy with it. I had already told Chris what I was going to be up to that day, and I think the idea of playing around a little with my shaven cunt quite appealed to him. It certainly appealed to me!

Lacy Tights

I have a slinky new black dress that I thought might just suit the occasion – and I decided to wear some lacy tights which rubbed deliciously on my bald pussy. So far, I'd noticed that my new bald quim was even wetter than it usually was, but I think I was just getting warmed up to try it out in its new form!

I had quite a shock when vivacious Vincent presented me with my bill.

'How much?' I asked, glaring at the astronomically high sum.

'It's a very skilled job, Ducky, and I didn't nick your skin once!' boasted Vincent in a high-pitched voice as he twiddled with his medallions.

'Well, you *did* do a lovely job, eh?' I laughed, having a quick look down my tights at his handiwork before handing over my incredibly convenient credit card (no, I don't keep it down there!).

I was meeting Chris at his swish flat just off Kensington High Street. We were due to go out to dinner, but all thoughts of food seemed to go out the window as I danced around his sitting room, exhibiting my pink baldness.

Chris kneeled down and began to lick it all over, his tongue sneaking in and out of my wet slit. It felt wonderful, his clever

Photographs by Dave Antony

tongue making me come almost immediately. I lay down on the floor, opening my legs and bringing my knees up as I watched Chris struggle out of his expensive suit. He lay down between my spread legs and was soon sucking away again. I was by now in seventh heaven and just *dying* to be fucked. My shaven pussy was hot and creamy as he slid inside me, slowly moving in and out. As he fucked me, I started to finger my swollen clitty and play with my smooth wetness. His wiry pubes rubbed hard against me as he thrust to an explosive climax.

Nude Part

That was just the beginning. We fucked all over his rather large flat, before we realized we were both starving . . . this time for food! So we nipped out for a quick Chinese meal at a nearby takeaway. We were told we'd have a ten-minute wait for our sweet and sour pork balls. So as not to waste precious screwing time, we had a quick fuck in the back of his GTI while we were waiting. It was definitely OK YAH!

Still, not everybody thinks bald pussies are wonderful, you know. The very next day, I had an audition for a small nude part in a movie. The part they were casting for needed to be filmed like yesterday, due to the fact that the girl they had originally chosen had refused to strip off, leaving them in a bit of a panic, as it were. Anyway, I turned up looking like a Cheshire cat after a good night on the tiles and the casting director seemed to think I might be just what they were looking for. That is until I had to let him see me naked. When he spotted my peeping pink pussy in all its glory, he shook his head and told me I looked far too rude!

So that was the end of that. Mind you, I have decided to let my pubes grow back, anyway – as, although I had a great time trying it out, I couldn't face shaving every day. Surely you guys must know what a pain in the ass that is!

Not everything this month has revolved around the hairiness of my nether regions, as I *do* do quite a lot of modelling work where I keep it under cover, believe it or not. I had quite a laugh the other day when I was delivering a strip-ogram to a guy for his 80th birthday. Well, I had intended to go all the way (nude I mean!), but by the look of the poor old guy's face when I bounced out my big bosoms, I thought he was going to pass out. One glimpse of my smooth, pink pussy might just have finished him off for good; especially as my pubes are in the process of growing back and look a little odd at the moment.

And they feel a bit strange, too. I'll just be out doing my shopping in Marks and Sparks or something, when I get this terrible itch. It's no joke. Whose bloody silly idea was it to shave them off anyway?

Johnson's
baby
lotion

Apart from Chris, and having a good play around with myself, not that much has come up this month – sexually. However, I did meet a guy at a party who was a pretty good one-night stand. He couldn't have thought I was up to much, as I haven't heard from him since: but that's his loss!

I was at this rather boring party (with my hairy pussy, I must add!), when a girlfriend of mine introduced me to this guy. He was very young, probably about 18 or 19, and quite tasty. So when he asked me to dance, I agreed. Nothing too passionate happened on the dance floor, but it began to warm up a little when we got some drinks and snuggled up on a sofa. With his free hand, he started stroking my neck and quite soon we were snogging away merrily on the couch. Between snogs, I found out that he lived with his parents, so I invited him round to my place, as the two of us groping away on the sofa seemed to be becoming one of the highlights of this tedious party.

Once we were back at my flat, we decided to have a bath. My bath is quite a fun place for a fuck, as the bathroom walls are all mirrored. But it's not exactly huge, so you keep catching your feet under the taps. We adjourned to my boudoir, where we finished off the night very pleasurably with a bit of 69.

I nodded off quite contentedly, and was awoken a short while later when young loverboy (whose name, by the way, was Gus – yuk!) decided he'd better go home. I think he probably wasn't allowed to stay out all night. Maybe it was a good job I was half-asleep, or I might have teased him just a little! I wonder if he would like to sample my shaved pussy? If I'm going to find out, he'd better call me quick, as my pubes are growing back like mad.

Well, fellas, that's enough of my randy ramblings for another month. I'll speak to you all again next month, when I'll probably be waffling on about my house-hunting trips, as I've got itchy feet and fancy a move. Mind you, that's not all that's itchy! So, till next time, keep your hands on it, lads – I sure as hell can't take my hands off mine!

Linzi

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

I just had to write and tell you about my girlfriend, Roxy, and what happened the other night.

Roxy is 24, with a 38C-inch bust and a nice, shaven cunt. What turns her on is tinned cream and fresh fruit. Anyway, the other night, we were naked and enjoying ourselves in the 69 position, when Roxy got up, went to the kitchen and came back with a large banana, cream and pineapple rings. Then she told me what she wanted.

I had to peel the banana, shove it up her cunt and squeeze the cream up her cunt and around the banana. By this time, my eight-inch cock is standing up like a flagpole. Roxy slips a couple of pineapple rings on it and starts to suck my cock and nibble the pineapple rings.

Meanwhile, I'm pushing the creamed banana in and out of her soaking cunt. In no time, I've got all the banana up her, and I start eating it from her cunt. By this time, she was orgasming all over the place and nearly broke my cock into several pieces.

I turned her over on to all fours, and fucked her from behind while squeezing her big tits. This made her shout out loud as my spunk went right up her shaven cunt mixed with all that cream.

I then went down and sucked her cunt, with Roxy forcing my head tight against her pubic bone, spunk and cream running down my chin. This brought Roxy to a mind-blowing climax, from which she nearly fainted.

Somewhat more relaxed, we were watching *Hold The Back Page* when we saw you come on wearing your tassle set. Roxy has a set just like it, but, no matter how hard she practises, she can never make her tits swing in opposite directions. Roxy would like to know if *you* can do it, and if there is any method you know of which would help her.

She was also envious of you having all that gunge being thrown over you, and wants to know if you enjoyed it.

Philip, Hertfordshire

It was really great fun doing Hold The Back Page. *I actually had to be smothered in trifle twice – once before the lunch break, and once after. I spent all my lunch break lying in the bath fantasizing about the hunky director, hoping he would come in and volunteer to wash it all off. Unfortunately, he didn't. It was the costume designer who taught me to swing my tassles; it's done by moving the pelvis up and down. Get Roxy to try it!*

Dear Linzi,

I would like to say you must be one of the very few girls who can look horny when completely naked. With my girlfriend, I still like to fuck her when she is wearing stockings and suspenders; I've never fucked her naked.

Maybe this is something to do with my girlfriend herself. Carole once told me girls were put on the earth to please men and to be used by them. If I tell her to kneel down and suck me off, she will. She says it makes her feel like a slut, which she likes. She'll do whatever I say. Why is this?

One thing we would both like to see is you looking like a high-class slut; lying on a bed, eyes closed, mouth open and licking your red-lipsticked lips. So, come on, Linzi – lets see some pics of you with your red lipstick on!

Arnold, Swindon

It's not only girls who are at their 'master's' beck and call, Arnold – I know lots of guys who like to be bossed around (among other things!) by their women. And I promise to get my tartiest clothes out for a future photo session.

Dear Linzi,

My girlfriend, Amanda, is a dead ringer for you. In fact, she doesn't just look like you – she likes to be fucked all night long. How about you?

I bet you don't look as sexy as Amanda in leather gear, and her cunt looks much better than yours. But why do we hardly ever see you in leather gear? If Amanda looks good in it, you must do as well.

By the way, your tits are much better than Amanda's; I wish we could see much more of them.

Matt, Bournemouth

Why don't you send me a picture of Amanda, then maybe I could compete with her in my leather gear . . . ?

Dear Linzi,

I wish to inform you that you were the cause of my latest ejaculation.

This momentous occasion took place more than a year ago, and the cause was the pictures of you in Vol 14 No 1, in which you recount your hitch-hiking tales. I feel I must also mention that I am 87. And however unlikely it may seem, I do know of other men of my rather mature years who adore you. Club International has a wider range of readers than you may have thought.

Even now I have fantasies about you, which only goes to show that you are indeed only as young as you feel. I would love to have you rub your delicious breasts over my bald head and my old, wrinkled face. I would give anything for one of your pert nipples to enter my mouth. Although I lost my teeth long ago, I would love to roll one of your young nipples between my gums, to feel your young breasts against my face and my old, arthritic hands against your beautiful buttocks, caressing and massaging them and maybe slipping between them to your anus or vagina. I would die a happy man.

Most of all, I would love to have my ancient phallus enter your moist, warm mouth. And I would love to lie on top of you, your legs wrapped around me while I kissed you with my toothless mouth.

I'd love to pull your soft body to my bony, old carcass, pushing my prick into your satin cunt. I am sure you could draw forth the very last drops of come from a very old man with the delicate manipulations of your pretty, young mouth and tongue and cunt. I would be able to rest in peace, knowing that the last of a distinguished vintage had melted on a pretty, young kitten like you.

RR, Wokingham

You certainly brought a smile to my face, RR, but I have this sneaking suspicion I'm being led up the garden path, and that you're probably in the prime of your life. Still, if you're NOT having me on, it's a pleasure to know there is life after 80!

Dear Linzi,

You are special to me and to lots of my friends because you are a tall, beautiful blonde, and we do not see many girls like that where I live.

We do have beautiful girls here, but sometimes it can even be boring to see so many girls who all look so much the same, with black hair and dark-coloured skin. Of course, the same is to be said for the men, too, but I am not interested in them, Linzi. I hope you are glad to hear that.

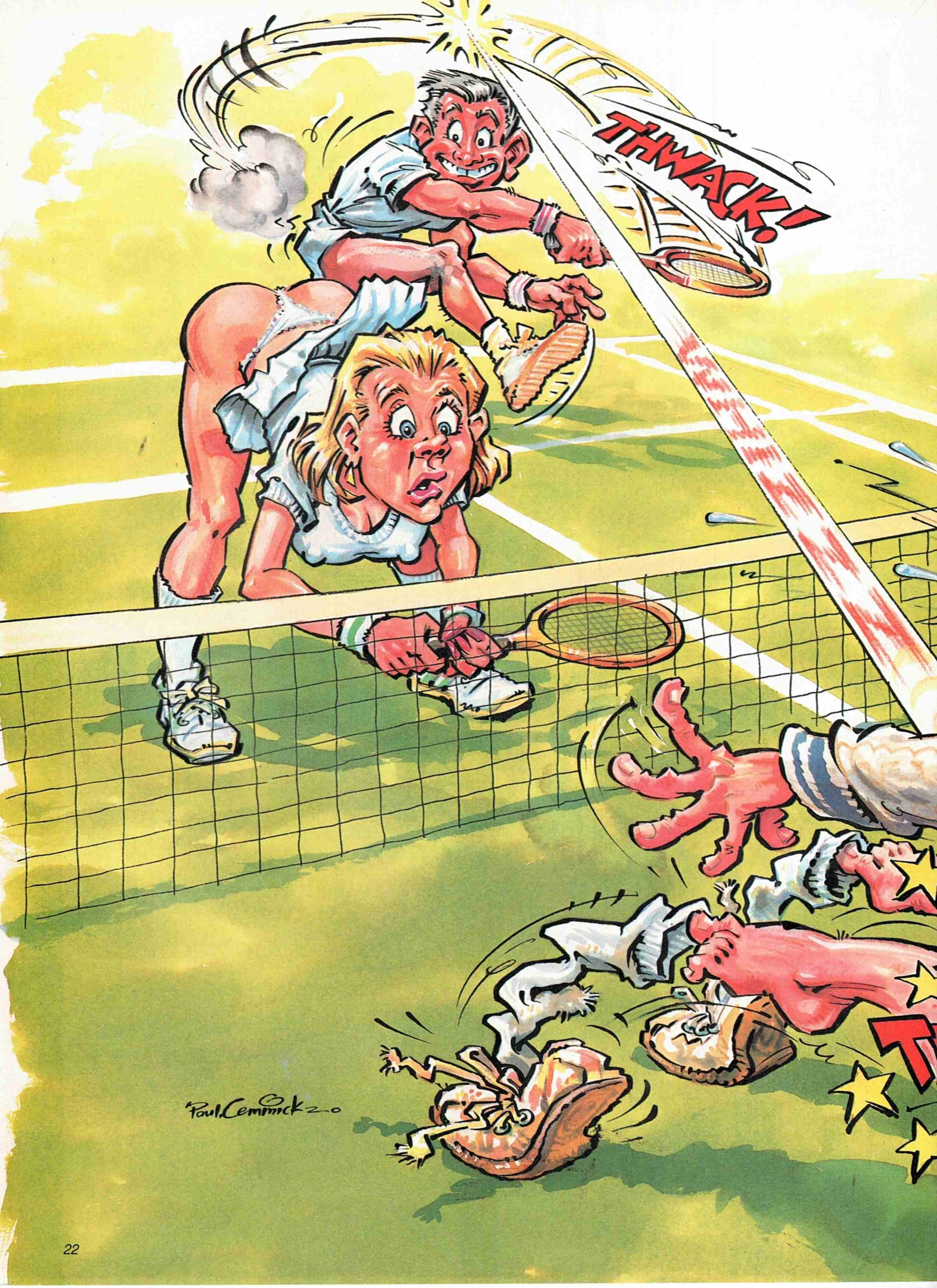
What about you, though? Do you like dark men such as myself? If you and I were to have a baby, what colour do you think would come out stronger? I would be one of the most famous men in Portugal if my baby was blonde-coloured and the mother was Linzi Drew, the most famous model in the world – and certainly the most beautiful.

Will you marry me, Linzi? I have a tennis court in my garden.

Juan, Portugal

A very tempting offer, Juan – I've always had a soft spot for Portuguese tennis players. Let me know when you qualify for Wimbledon, and I'll come along and size you up!

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10″×8″). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!


THWACK!
Paul Cemmick 20

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

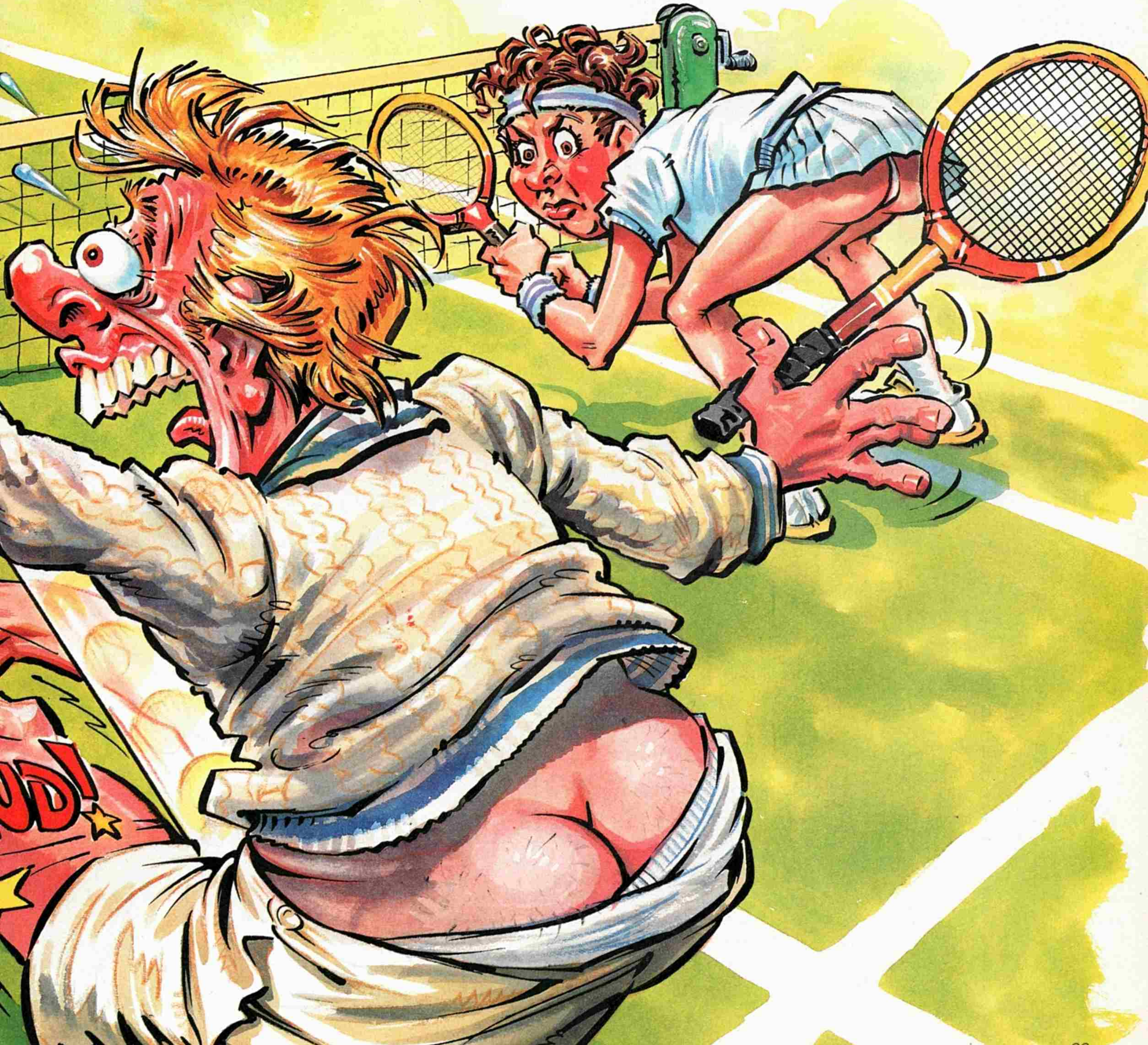
The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Best bitter, steak and kidney pudding and jam roly-poly pose as big a threat to Charles Eaton-Squire's physical well-being as does cocaine to Little Jeremy. A long, indolent Winter has taken its toll on bum and beergut alike, and his (sometimes) faithful wife winces as she follows his amply-larded form on to Hurlingham No.3 Court. His old cricket jersey, an Ariel victim, has ridden half way up his back, revealing the knackered waistband of his Y-Fronts, which sag dejectedly over the back of his old cricket flannels. His bald plimsolls complete the image, a testimony to the time when Ken Rosewall ruled the courts and a chap wasn't a chap unless he wiped his arse on Bronco.

Thankfully it's only nine a.m. and Judy and Jack Aaronson (Charles' employer and doubles opponent) have yet to arrive, giving Henrietta time to stuff her husband's underwear inside his flannels and brush up on the jolly old serve. Resplendent in brand new Fiorucci top and a tiny tennis skirt which flips with each leap to reveal even tinier, crisp, white cotton panties underneath, Henrietta compensates for a relative athletic inaptitude with a dazzling display of crotch and bum.

Charles lunges at her backhand volley, misses, trips over his laces and farts loudly as he crashes to the ground. Henrietta, just beginning to enjoy the sensation of her pert nipples chafing against her sea island cotton top, looks away and wishes desperately that she were dead, as a passing couple make strange snuffling sounds in their struggle to suppress hilarity.

Secretly, Henrietta is very curious as to how her husband's employer looks in tennis gear. A tall, tanned, silver-haired smoothie, the ladies' room at the Dance Centre abounds with talk of his legend-



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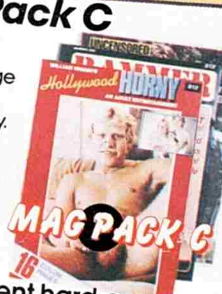

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'Morning, Charles. Hello, Henrietta – looking mahvluss, I see!'

Oh, God – it's true! every word of it!

As Aaronson dumps his Puma kitbag and manfully peels sweatbands on to his wrists, Mrs Eaton-Squire's experienced eye detects a bulge of elephantine proportions within his tight, white satin shorts. Elephantine – and we're talking trunk.

Duly Inspired

The silver-haired debonair smirks at Charles' crusty apparel and promptly nominates Henrietta as his partner. As Aaronson prepares to serve, Henrietta leans forward Chrissie Evert-Lloyd style, well aware a gust of wind has blown her skirt hem up around her back. Charles' boss delays his serve to take in every detail of his partner's excruciatingly edible arse, and, duly inspired, serves what would have been a stunning ace – but for his employee's testicles being in the line of fire. Charles goes a deathly white, his knees buckle, and again he crashes to the ground.

'I say, old man, terribly sorry and all that!'

Aaronson vaults the net – giving Henrietta a momentary flash of his flailing genitalia – and dashes, smirking, to Charles' aid. In what appears a touching display of wifely devotion, Henrietta cradles her husband's greasy head, but the manner of her stance reveals her inner thighs and the tight, bulging vee of her knickers.

Bitch is trying to give me a hard-on! muses Aaronson, kneeling beside Charles' prostrate, potato-like physique. *Damned unsporting!*

'I'd willingly massage them for you, old man, but you know what the club secretary thinks about unseemly conduct on court . . .'

'Oh, fuck off – the lot of you!'

Now, while Henrietta Eaton-Squire is renowned for her sexual, er, *exuberance*, throughout SW3, she has remained loyal to the Sloane tradition of doing it for fun (the Colombian polo team, her little party piece at the Hull Kingston Rovers Lads' Night, etc, etc). Doing it for money is anathema to all paid-up members of the DHSS (Dashing Hermes Scarf Set). Traditionally, a lady Sloane, while never hard to lay, stops short of *ectuelleh hawring*.

Humiliated

However, financial pressure has been mounting on the Eaton-Squire household of late. *Crestfallen* that her wealthy father is not, after all, dying of cancer and has taken up with a gel of 32: *humiliated* at having her credit at Peter Jones reduced to £1000; *bloody pissed-off* with Charles for confiscating two ounces of cocaine from Little Jeremy and flushing it down the loo (Upper Middle Class Principles vs. £4750 street value); *fucking mortified* that Charles' salary appears to have stuck at a rotten £45,000 pa and her shopping allowance with it . . . Mrs Eaton-Squire vows to get her husband a rise. After dinner, when Charles is out walking the dogs (ie at the pub), she 'phones the Aaronson household.

'Jack, Darling? Henrietta Eaton-Squire!'

'Oh. Oh! Hello, Toby, old chap! How're the two-year-olds shaping up? Any Ascot sorts among 'em?'

'I presume that's your crass, faint-hearted way of saying you're unable to talk.'

'Oh, quite, Toby. Absolutely!'

'Well you can jolly well listen, then, you sly devil!'

'Well what is it, man? I'm right in the middle of dinner.'

'I need to know when you're going to put your cock in my mouth. Frankly, Jack, I'm insulted. I've known you for five years and you haven't so much as goosed me, let alone made a pass.'

Aaronson is overcome by a sudden coughing fit. Waiting for him to recover, Henrietta lifts her skirt and slips a moistened index finger inside her black silk pantie-crotch. This is FUN!

Punishment

'Er, yes. I think you're right. An appointment at the earliest opportunity. Damn secretary's taken my diary home with her, but I seem to recall I'm free on . . .'

'Tomorrow, Jack. Oh DO say tomorrow! I'm so wet, just thinking about it. I need punishment, Jack, *punishment!* God, I feel so naughty it's, it's . . . *incredible!*'

'Tomorrow, then. Yes, tomorrow.'

'I'll call you at the office – big boy!'

Sod the lunch with Jim Goldsmith, David Frost, Arny Weinstock and George Michaels! I'll whisk her over to the screwing pad at Dover Street. God, I hope she's wearing stockings . . .

Aaronson greets Henrietta at the door of his Mayfair pied-à-terre in a short towelling robe. He is leering, he smells of cognac and Monsieur Givenchy, and the *Ride of the Valkyries* is on the hi-fi. He embraces the junior partner's wife, puts his arms around her slim waist, lifts her skirt at the back, and cups her tight buttocks. No panties! Oh joy!

Rapacious even by her own standards, Henrietta whips open Jack's robe, pulls it down around his shoulders, gets down on her knees and – *Oh, my God!* – confronts his monstrous appendage. *So it's true what they say – every inch of it!*

'Grmphschlpf! Good?'

'God, woman, you don't know what you're doing to me!'

'Schlupf-schlupf-schlupf! How's that, then?'

'Don't stop, I beg of you! Pull it at the same time. There! Like that!'

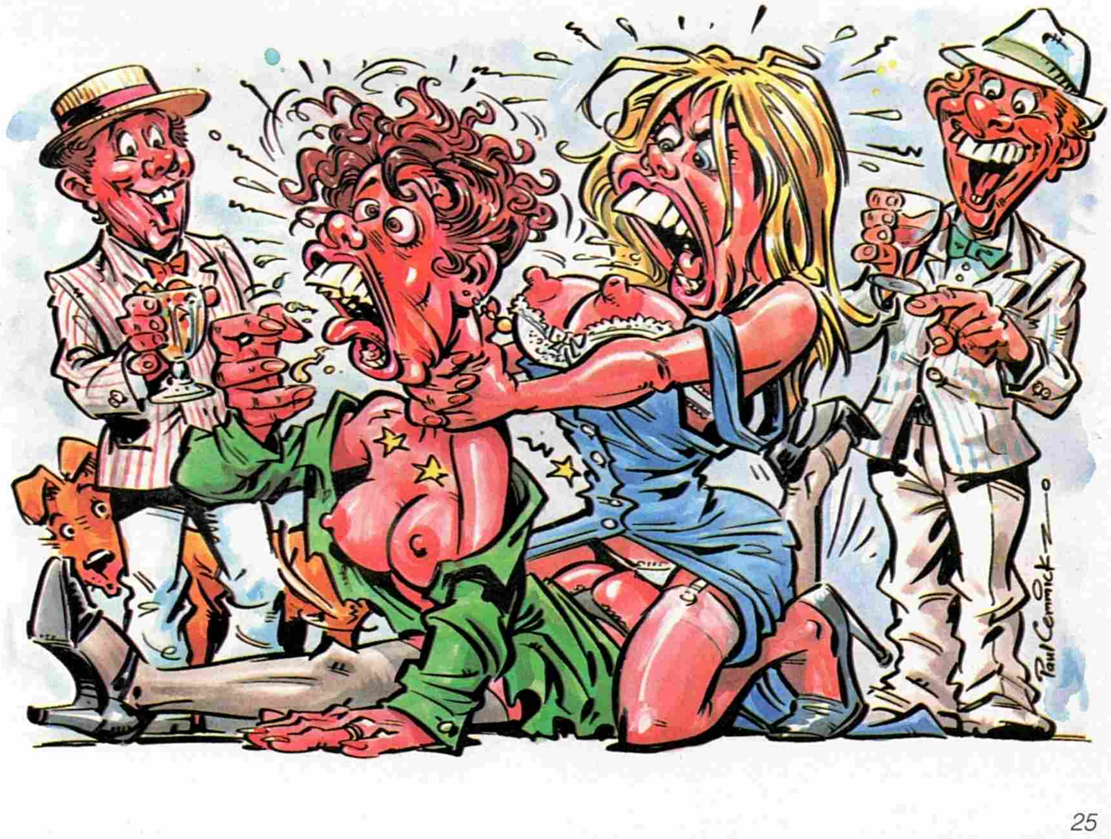
'Now, about Charles' rise . . .'

'Huh?'

'You heard, Jack. You know very well you're hanging back on that bonus. He works like a slave, too. You've got him cheap, Jack.'

'Please don't stop! I like the sound of your bracelets jangling. Goes with the music!'

Wickedly, Henrietta runs her tongue from his balls to the



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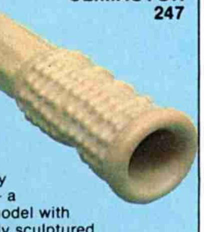

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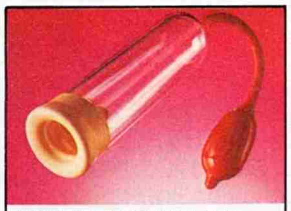

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sensitive tip of his glistening knob.

'Well, dammit all, what would he be happy with? A figure, woman! Give me a figure!'

'I think 50 per cent is reasonable enough.'

'Reasonable, you say? *Reasonable?*'

Henrietta withdraws her mouth and slackens her grip on Aaronson's awesome shaft.

'Well? Have we a deal?' – she flashes her tongue around his glans – 'or have we a deal?'

'All right, all right, it's a deal! Now get your things off and get on that bed, woman! That's the way – all fours! Damn, I'll teach you to use my cock as a negotiating table!'

Feeling like a broodmare who has just played host to a particularly rampant Derby winner at the National Stud, it is a very smug, cocksure Mrs Eaton-Squire who hobbles out into the Mayfair sunshine. Humped to high heaven, the sun shining out of her arse, Henrietta is over the moon.

Shudders

As is Charles, who arrives home badly ratted, long past closing time. Something about a rise. Henrietta's fear that he might be 'in the mood' (one is *orfly* sore) subsides as he vomits into the dog basket and passes out on the sofa.

It's eight a.m. and Henrietta shudders – in the self-same way she shudders whenever Charles leers at her while she's standing in the shower. It's warm, it's sunny, it's unavoidable. It's Eights Week Saturday, the time of year Charles and his pals don gaudy blazers and schoolboy caps and insist on dragging their women on a drunken tour of the Cambridge boathouses.

'Quite why those pretty boys waste all that valuable energy rowing, I'll never know,' says Sophie Carter-Jones. Just as Charles, Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff and Good Old Bunty Forshaw chant 'House! House! House!' as 'their' college eight zips upriver.

'Bollocks!' the cox shouts back.

'Er, that wasn't Trinity, old man. It was those Downing bastards, incognito. More Pimms?'

As Charles & Company's boathouse crawl veers to the uproarious, Sophie and Henrietta decide they can tolerate no more, and opt to return to the car . . . via the Christ Church boathouse. Our two noble fillies get all-of-a-fidget in a UPF (underarm perspirant-free) zone, and besides, as Sophie had earlier remarked, seeing an old flame disappear in the direction of the bar:

'Bugger me! I'd recognize that arse anywhere!'

Double checking they're shod of Charles and his boring chums, the ladies fight their way to the bar, revelling in the sensation of being goosed every 15 seconds.

Henrietta pulls her dress down over her bottom . . .

'Well, well! If it isn't Hanna-bloody-Man's-dick-all-over!'

'Why, Judy! What brings you here?'

One look at Judy Aaronson's glowering countenance tells Henrietta she *knows*. But how?'

'What brings me here? David, that's who. My friend and confidante. Unlike some so-called men here today, David also happens to be a former rowing Blue.'

'Eow, jolly good show! Well, mustn't keep you . . .'

Sophie Carter-Jones senses impending disaster and makes to drag Henrietta away.

Erotic Morass

'Mustn't you? Well, before you rush off, I should inform you David also happens to be Head Accountant at Aaronson Brothers. In charge of salaries, expenses, the company flat, the paid whores, common little cocksuckers . . . that kind of thing.'

Henrietta flings her pint of Pimms in Mrs Aaronson's face. She reciprocates with a resounding slap around the face, at which Henrietta tears open the front of Judy's Laura Ashley.

'A rare sight, 28-inch tits!' spits Henrietta, and the fight is on – to shouts of 'Oars together!' 'It's all over a small cox!' 'Clash of oars!' etc, etc.

Cursing and spitting, the two Sloanes lock talons and roll around the floor, an undeniably erotic morass of bared boobs, stocking tops and frilly black knickers. Like a seedy Scandinavian no-holds barred movie. Only better.

Now writhing like two copulating toads in a river bed (one knows how toads like to tear at each other's hair in moments of high passion), our fighting femmes begin to tire. Mrs Aaronson, sporting a bruised lip, tries to crawl towards the shelter of a white flannel forest on all fours, but Henrietta climbs on her back from behind, tears the last vestiges of clothing therefrom, and tries to throttle her.

'I'll strangle you, you unspeakable bitch!'

Henrietta's breasts spill out of her blouse, to more raucous cheers and a thunder of stomping feet.

'Oh, yes? Then you'd never discover where the *video* was, would you!'

Henrietta's grip loosens. Still sitting astride her adversary like she were some down-at-heel burro, she tucks her boobs back in their cups, and pulls her dress down over her bottom.

'Video? WHAT video, you little cow!'

Henrietta tweaks Judy's ears, viciously.

'Well if you'd laid on your back while Jack was screwing you, instead of doing it in that whorish doggie position, you'd have seen a camera lens poking through the ceiling rose. Kinky bunch, those City types. Now get off me, woman, or I'll have the pair of you hounded out of the City and SW3 for good!'

Mrs Aaronson senses the tide turning in her favour, and gets firmly into her stride.

'Just think of it, Henrietta – the shame, the humiliation! Having to hand in your charge-cards and move to –'.

'Don't say it! Don't say it!'

Henrietta pounds her fists on Judy Aaronson's heavily-scratched back.

'To, to . . . BATTERSEA!'

'Oh, no, please! I was only doing it for Charles!'

'Think of it! Having to shop at ARDING & HOBBS!'

Henrietta is panicking, and starting to perspire in untoward places.

'Please, Judy, I can't bear to hear you talk this way! No more, I beg of you!'

But Mrs Aaronson is now in full control, standing over the hapless Henrietta all but naked, hands defiantly on hips.

Passes Out

'The ignominy, Henrietta, the degradation, the NOOVOS! In VAUXHALLS! With DOBERMANS! Beaujolais Nouveau in JANUARY! Little Jeremy at CROYDON TECH! Men in SKY-BLUE ACRYLIC SAFARI SUITS! SKY RISERS! MUGGINGS! RIOTS! KEBAB HOUSES!'

The ghastly, violent rhetoric is simply too much for Henrietta, who struggles to her knees – and passes out in a puddle of Pimms.

IS Henrietta about to break into the big time porno scene?

WILL Charles cling to his rise?

DO Arding & Hobbs give credit?

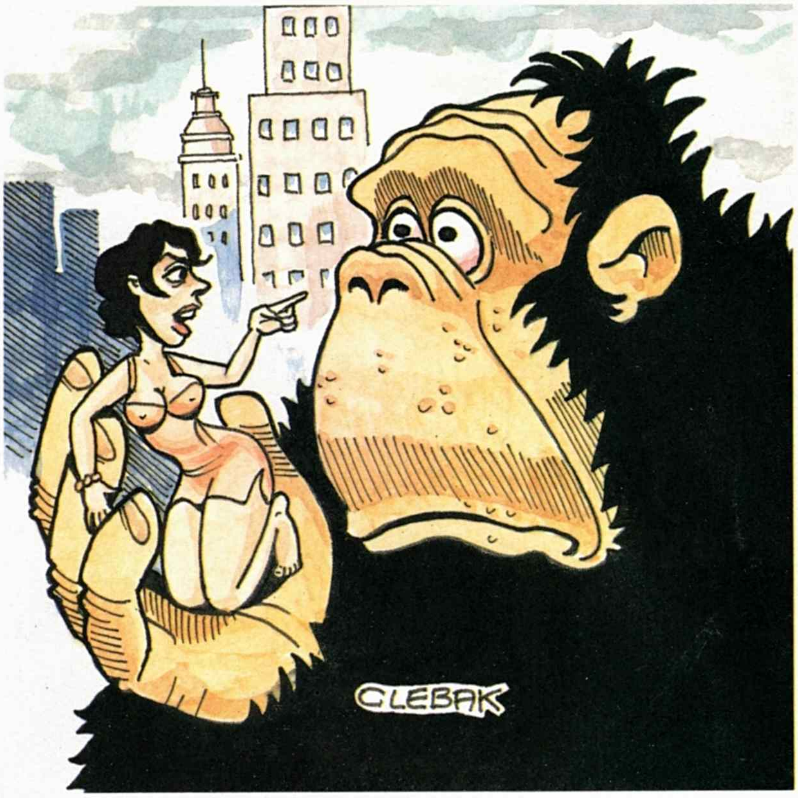
Read all about it in next month's HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA!

Alte Sagen aus Irland

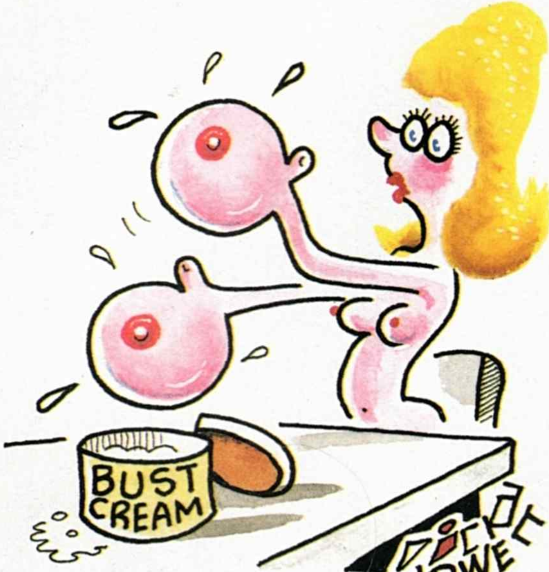
Photographs by Dave Antony

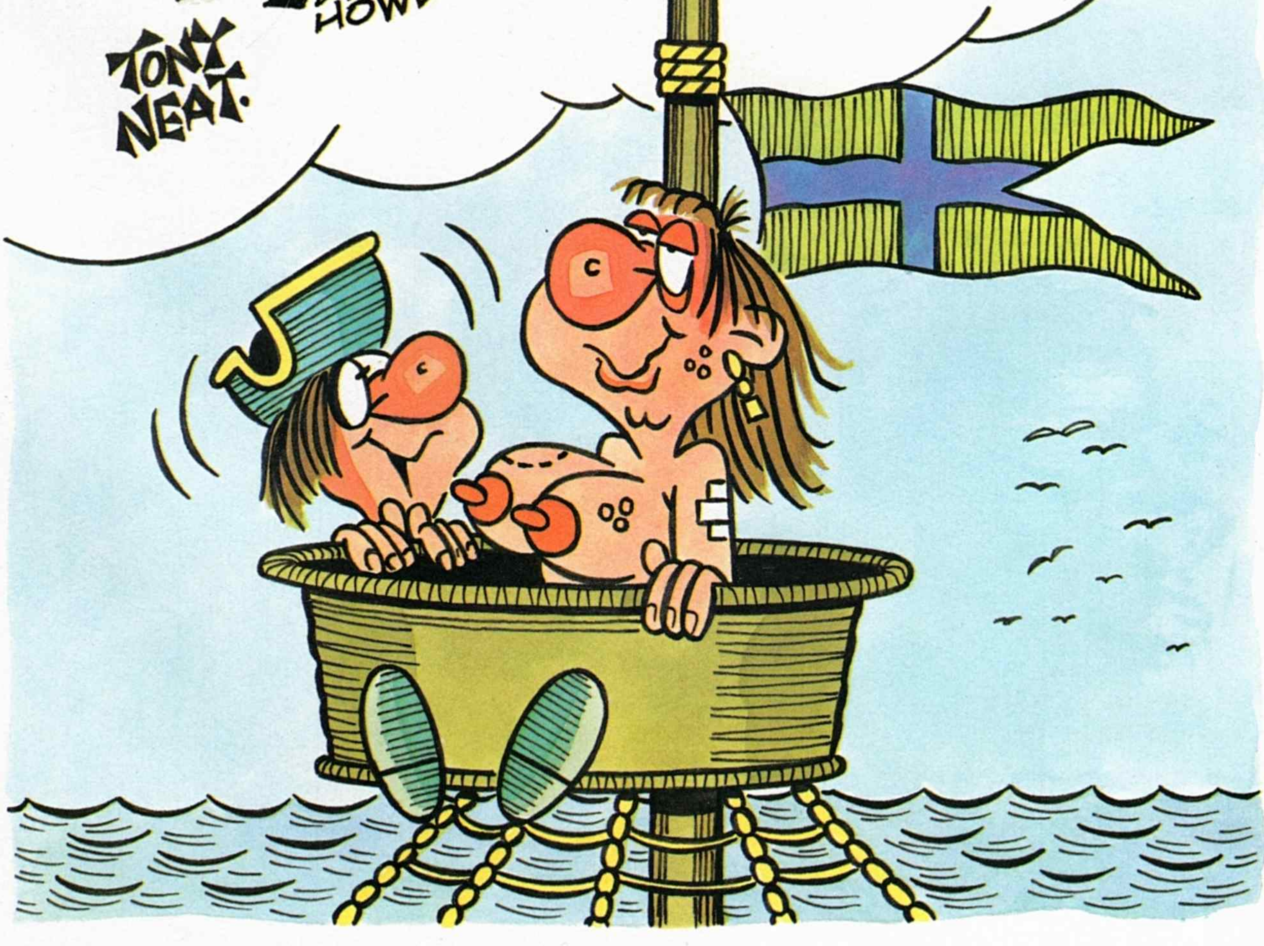
Rosemary

SKETCH CLUB

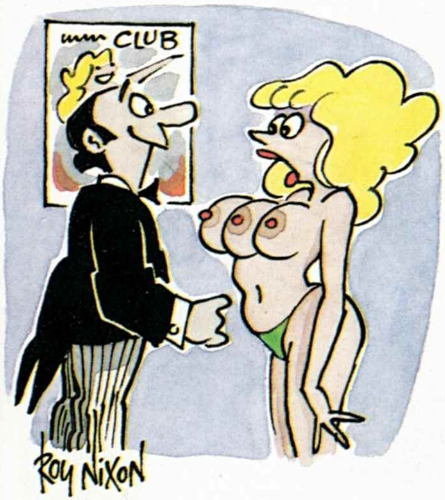


With a donger like yours, you'd have been better off kidnapping the Channel Tunnel.


BUST CREAM
DICK HOWETT



Pro's nest? I thought it was the crow's nest!


CLUB
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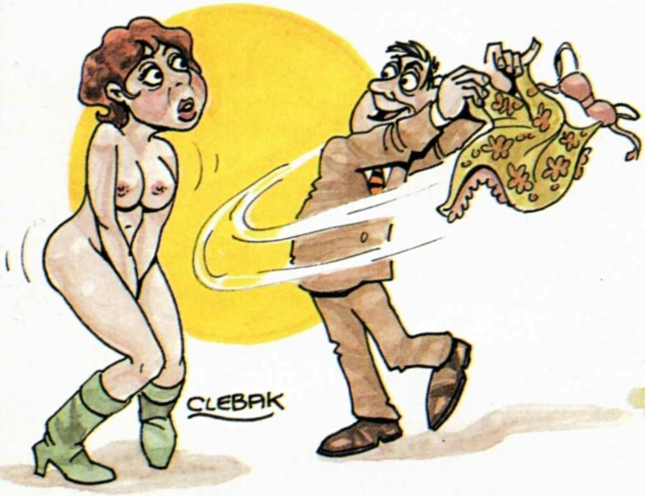
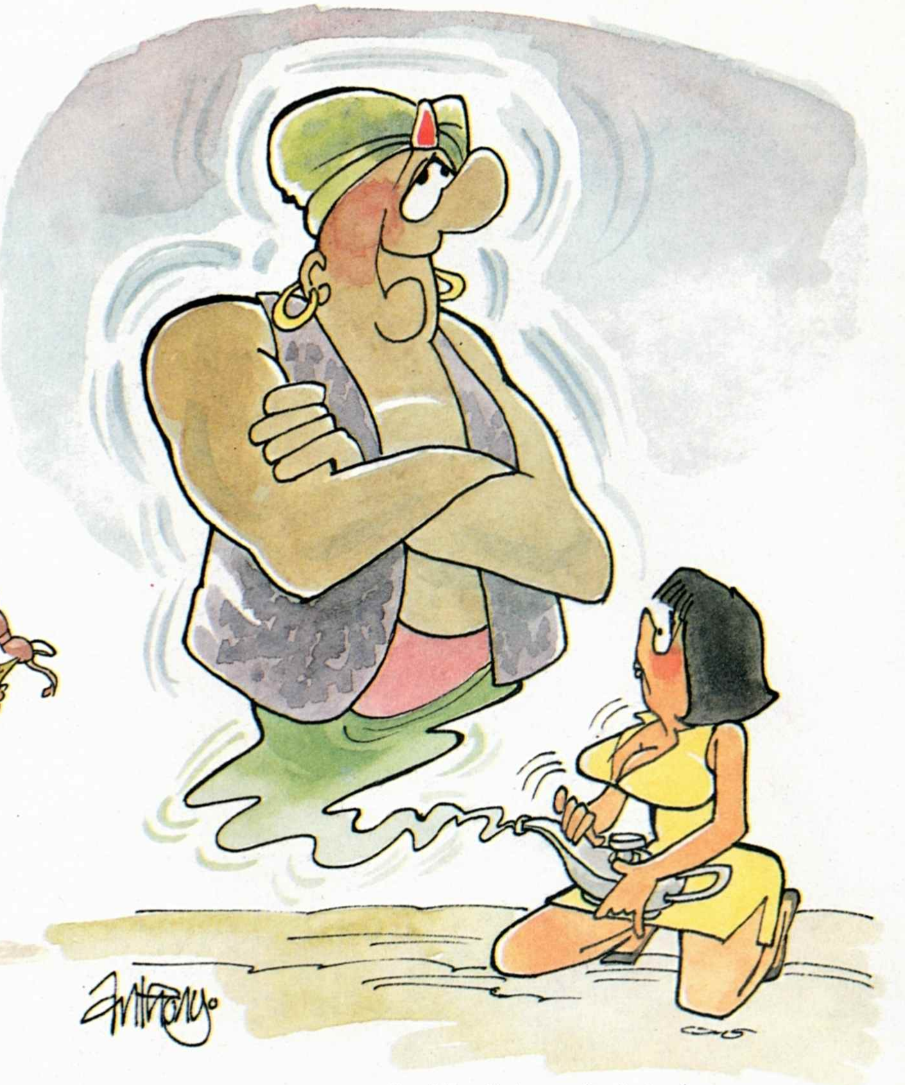
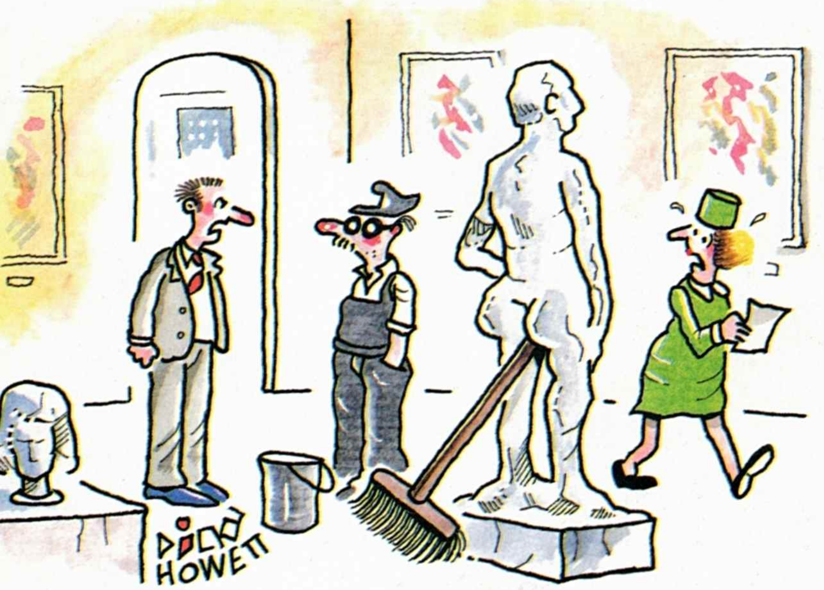
No you can't practise your juggling!



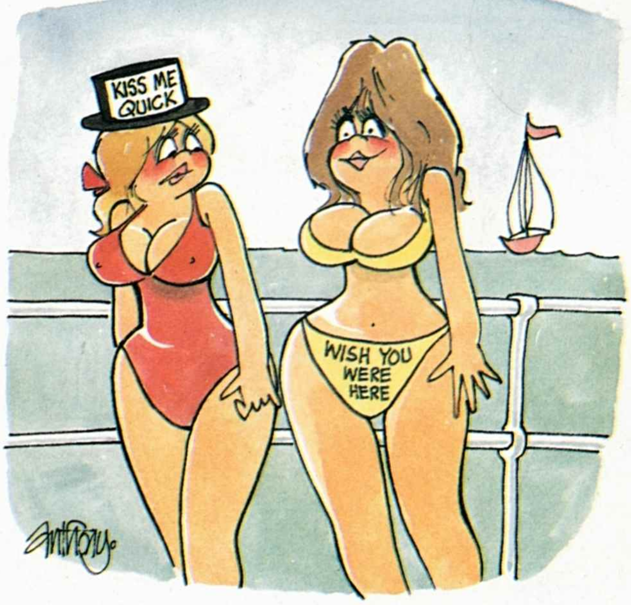
I can do it with tablecloths as well . . .



Ooo! Don't stop – don't stop!


DICK HOWETT

Mind where you're resting your broom, Henshaw!


KISS ME QUICK
WISH YOU WERE HERE
Anthony

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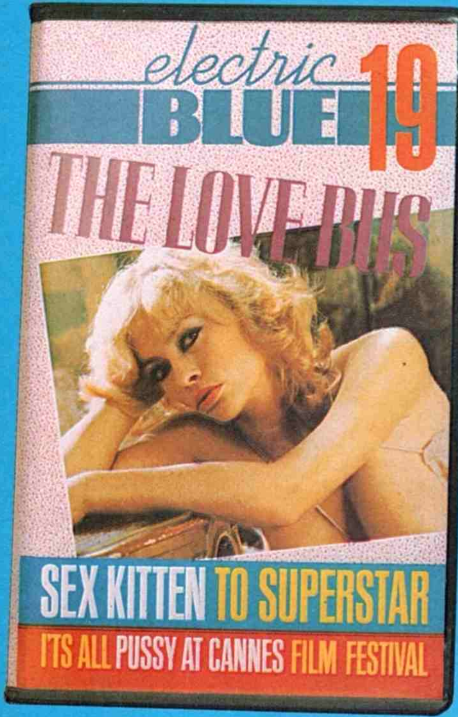
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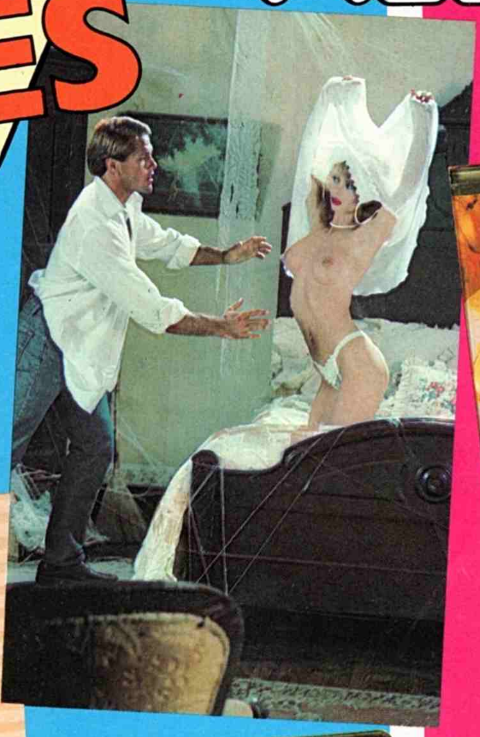

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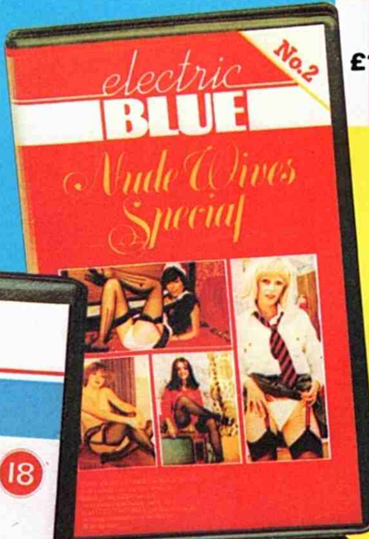
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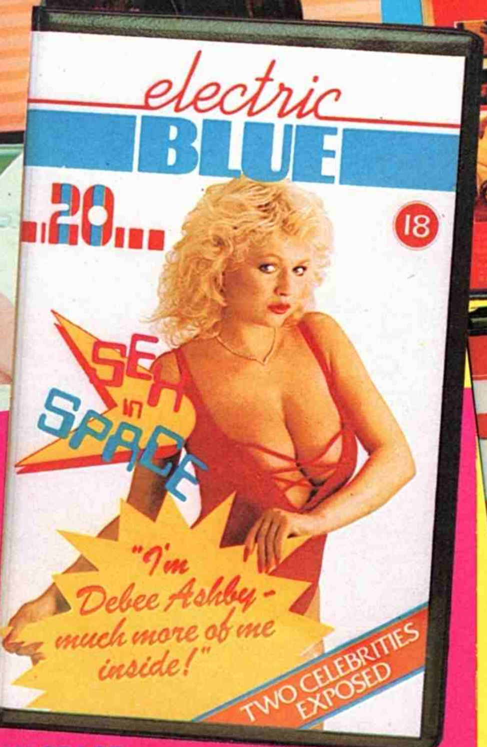
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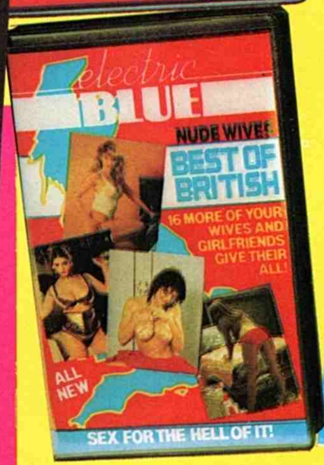
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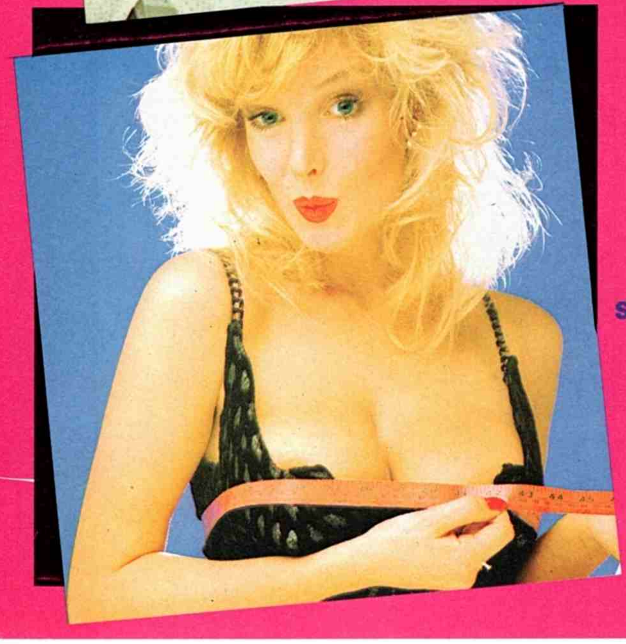

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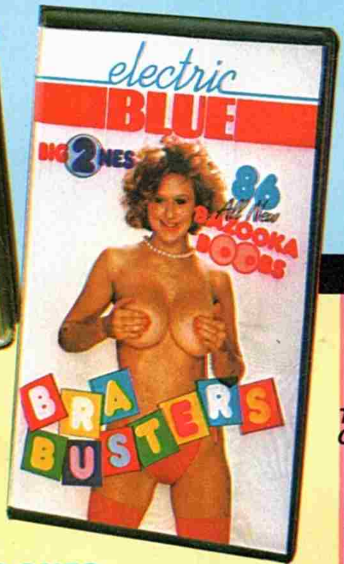

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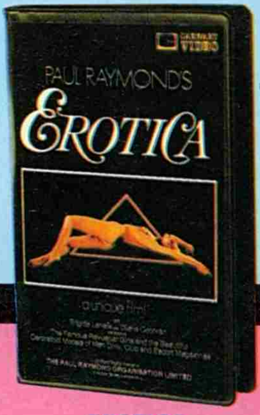

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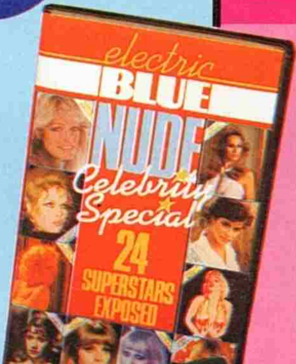

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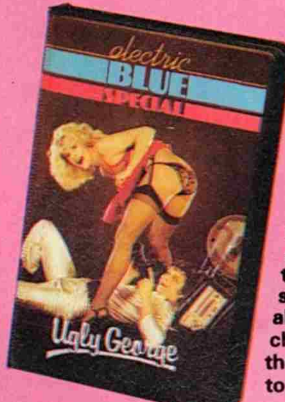

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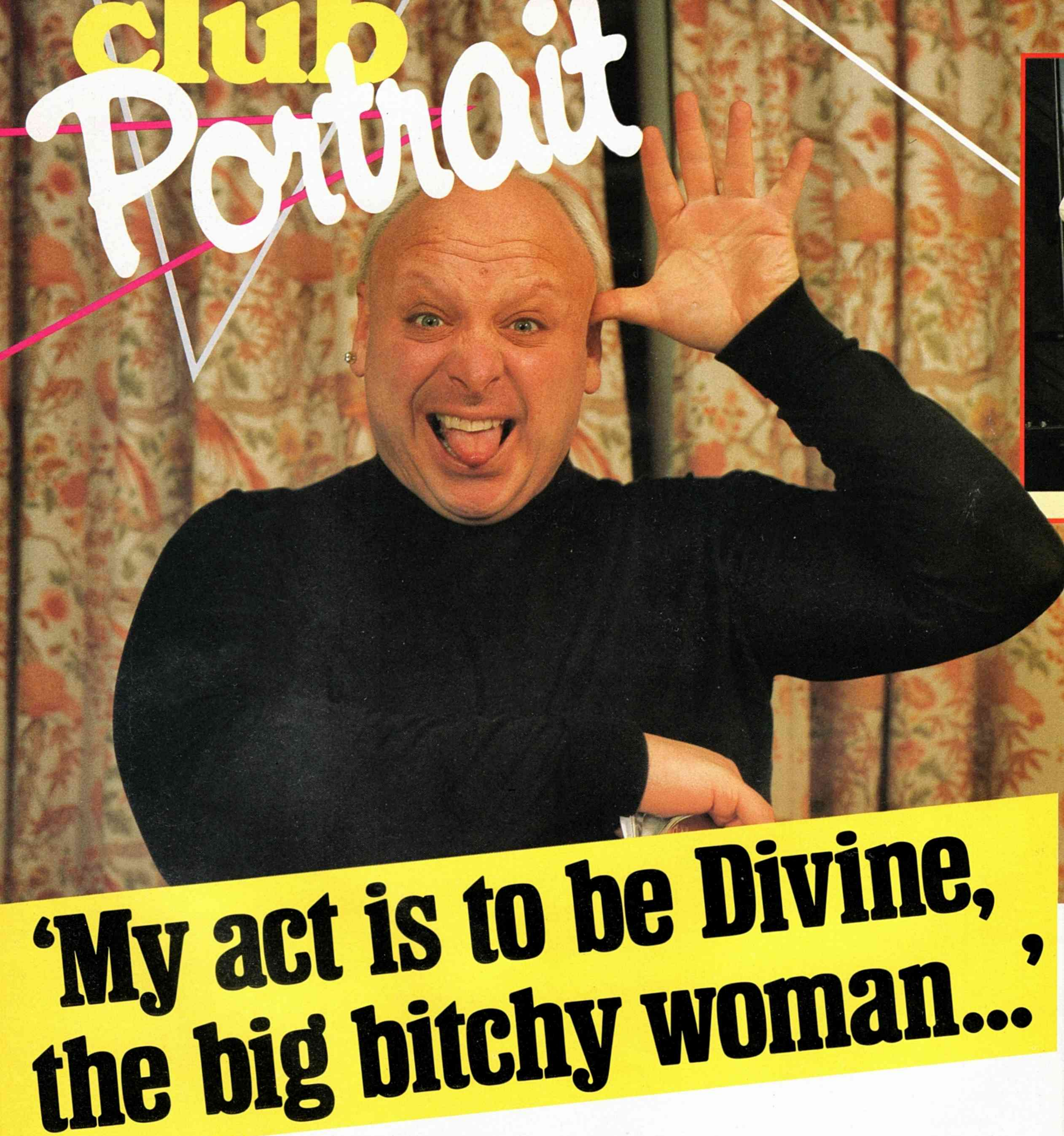


'My act is to be Divine, the big bitchy woman...'

Nicholas Whittaker talks to Divine

They like their Earl Grey and petits fours up in trendy Hampstead, yet one of their favourite late-night films is of a gargantuan slut whose idea of haute cuisine is a handful of poodle shit freshly scooped from the sidewalk. The slut is Divine and the film is *Pink Flamingoes*, probably the best known of all the so-called 'trash' movies which filtered over to Britain from the USA in the late 60s/early 70s.

Divine was born to be a star in that sleazy demi-monde and her films – *Flamingoes*, *Mondo Trasho*, *Female Trouble*, *Eat Your Make-Up* – have delighted the trendies with pure tack and exemplified the bin-liner moralities that the punk generation has tried to live up to.

To add an even greater dimension to bad taste, there was even *Polyester*, a film which came in Odorama. Scratch 'n' sniff cards were handed out to nervous cinema-goers and at given points they were instructed to scratch the numbered spots, releasing the fragrant odours of shit, genital sweat and all the other smells that had people feeling nauseous in their cinema seats.

This was certainly no gentile Lady Bracknell, this was one hell of a bad mama for the world in recession . . . and as befits all heroes and heroines, the myths and legends run riot. She was really a he, he was a transsexual, she was a scatological super-slut, he was a pervert with no limits. The sexual enigma only added to the fascination . . .

But it's no real secret. Divine is Glen

The women behind the bars get a stranglehold on Divine (from Women Behind Bars*)*

Milston, a rather mild-mannered East Coast American who talks in a husky but ultra polite Transatlantic rasp. And Divine wants to be taken seriously now, to expand (artistically, that is, not physically), to be a pop star, to be recognized as a legit actor. So let's get a cab down to Kensington and suss out the man behind the mascara . . .

Who am I talking to exactly? How much of you is Glen Milston and how much of you is Divine?

'They're both just names. Glen is the name I was brought up with, Divine is the name I've been using for the past 23 years. I guess it's always Glen and it's always Divine. Do you mean the *character* Divine or the *person* Divine? You see, it gets very complicated. There's the Divine you're talking to now and there's the character Divine, which is just something I do to make my living. She doesn't really exist at all. I hope not . . . if she did I'd be in prison or a mental hospital.'

Did you have any formal training as an actor?

'Not at all. I was just naturally a ham at school, showing off, making people laugh. You can't really train to be an actor. If you have a particular talent you can go to drama school to enhance that talent, but you can't just walk in off the street and be transformed into a Clark Gable – or even a Divine! It's the same with writing or anything like that – you either can do it or you can't.'

Who are more outraged by the Divine thing – the Americans or the British?

'Definitely the Americans. And it's not just Divine – it's Boy George, Grace Jones, anything out of the ordinary, off the wall. Even though it's becoming a bit more popular in America now, it's taken a long, long time. In Europe people just don't think about drag and that kind of stuff so much, it's just another form of entertainment, just a guy wearing a costume and playing a part.'

Your fellow countrymen take it a little more seriously then?

'Oh, yes; they have to get so deep about everything, hidden meanings and everything. It's all bullshit. The last thing I want to be is a woman – I've got enough problems without that. I'd never have a sex change or anything like that, but the minute you appear in a dress, people are convinced that you're a transsexual or transvestite or any kind of hideous pervert. All I'm doing is putting on a clown's suit to make people laugh. I don't see the harm in that, do you? These people who complain . . . they're just uptight people who should sit back and relax and clear their own heads because they've definitely got problems if they think it's such a big deal in 1986 for a man to have a dress on. People should get their priorities right in a world full of air pollution, wars, famine and everything. If they did that then I'd really come way down on their lists . . .'

Drag Circuit

Tell us a little about the drag scene in the USA.

'I really don't know anything about it. I'm not connected with it at all. There is a whole drag circuit there, especially in the South and Mid-West where it's very popular. But it's not so big in New York or LA. But I'm not really involved in it at all and I don't mix with performers from that scene, though of course I've seen the acts of Craig Ross, Charles Pearce and Jim Bailey, who I think are probably the most popular female impersonators over there.'

We tend to see Americans as a bit puritanical in many ways. Do they see us Europeans as decadent?

'Oh no, I think Americans think of themselves as much more decadent. They look upon Europe as being very sophisticated and civilized. And I can tell you that I've travelled all over the world and England especially is one of the most civilized places I've ever been. I love it here – even though I'm supposed to be one of the most decadent people of all! I'm not really, of course.'

Would you like to live here?

'I'd love to, for part of the time at least. Not that I hate America or anything, it's my home and where I started my career. Audiences there are still very good to me and I've got a four-week tour lined up for when I get back. But like I said, with the drag act and all the costume stuff it has been far easier for me to be accepted on this side of the Atlantic.'

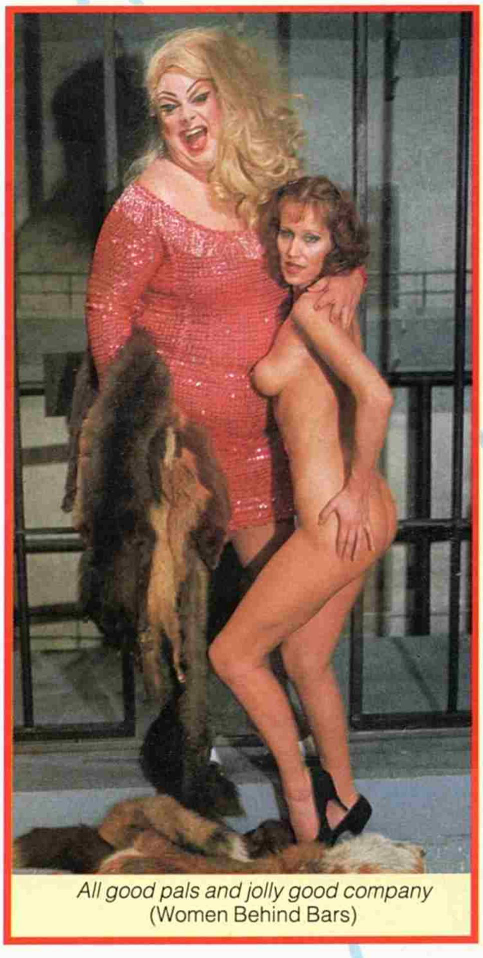
There's a strong feminist movement in the States. How do they regard drag artistes – as a threat or an insult?

'Some are seen as a threat, others not. I've been lucky. In fact I've travelled all over the world and I've only had trouble in one or two places – not even big trouble. And just one show was cancelled in Frankfurt. Apart from that I've had nothing in the States or in Europe.'

There was some hassle with South Africa though?

'Yes, but nothing to do with feminists or people being outraged. It was political. I went there as a visitor to see some friends. They owned a club and they asked me if I'd do a show while I was there. It was a club that allowed blacks and whites, or I wouldn't have agreed. That was four years ago and things weren't as touchy as they are at the moment. It's a shame they have all that trouble because it's such a beautiful country. I've been asked back four times since then, but I've turned them down each time. I was blacklisted by the UN, but when I explained my case to them and we talked it over I was taken off the list because they agreed that my views were certainly the same as theirs: that no one should be discriminated against.'

Many of your most famous – or infamous films – were made in collaboration with John



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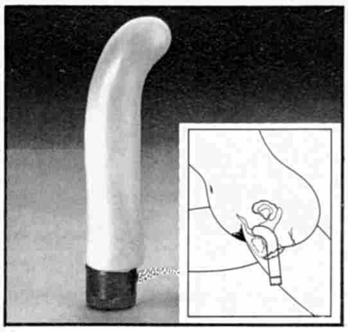

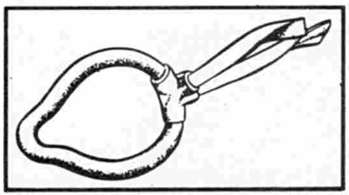

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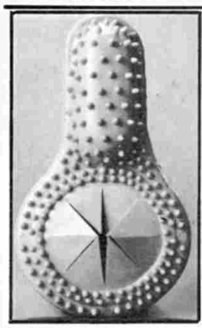

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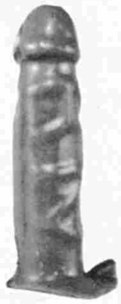

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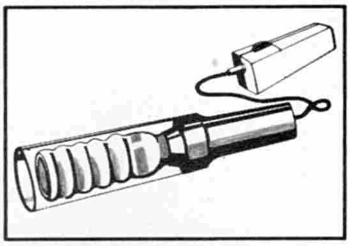

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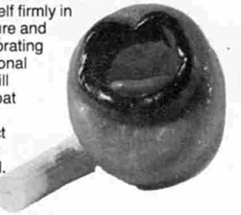

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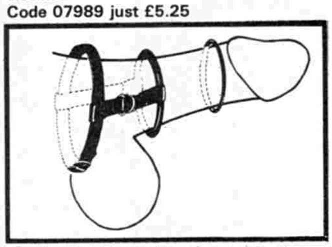

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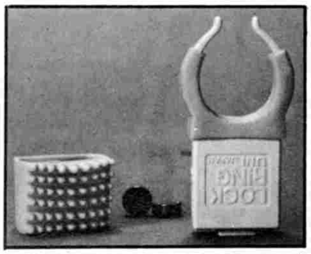

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Forcefully cutting Fiona's follicles (Women Behind Bars)

Waters. How did that relationship come about?

'We were neighbours. We grew up together. John used to call me the girl next door! We first started filming when we were 16, just for our own fun and enjoyment. When we were 16, in 1962, there were no discos, no videos, none of the stuff kids have today, and it was very easy to get bored. So with John and I being movie buffs we decided to make movies; 8mm Brownie or whatever, that kind of stuff. We used to get together with a group of friends on Sundays and act out the ideas that John had written out. They were silent films of course and we'd add our own music. A friend or ours worked in a camera shop, so she would steal the film and get it developed for us. So you can see it was a pretty cheap hobby. It didn't last too long, though, because our supplier got caught!'

Ridiculous Films

Did those early films contain the same kind of themes that shocked and delighted the audiences of **Pink Flamingoes** ***and*** **Polyester*?***

'Oh yes, but we never dreamed anything would ever happen with those films. We made them purely for our own enjoyment, for a laugh. Who else would want to see these ridiculous films? It certainly wasn't like anything else they were showing at the cinema!'

How did it all come about then?

'More or less by accident. A college professor who taught movie making at the university of Maryland saw a screening of *Eat Your Make-Up* and loved it. He wanted to show it at his film making school to give his students an incentive because these films cost about $200 to make. The students couldn't believe it, they thought it was fabulous because they assumed all movies had to be $40 million epics – and like John says, he could make 400 movies for that kind of money! So, to our surprise, these films became popular and we found ourselves to be overnight sensations. It's been a long hard road since we were overnight sensations – but we were for a while and it was great fun.'

Have you any plans to work with John again?

'Oh, always. We're in constant contact and I'll be writing a new night club show with him when I get back at the end of this tour. He also has three movies that he's written for me. He's looking for the backing now and hopefully we'll start on those real soon.'

How is your cabaret act going down in Britain?

'The British are probably one of the best audiences. I've been everywhere in Europe, but the British were the first ones to put me up in the music charts and give me that kind of recognition. That's been very very important to me careerwise because the British charts are certainly the first or second most important ones in the world. So as far as my musical career is concerned it's been unbelievable here. The movie career and the acting career are more well-known in America, so it's harder to be accepted as a singer at home. No, I definitely have the British to thank for giving my singing career the boost I was looking for.'

Do a lot of your audience come just out of curiosity rather than to enjoy YOUR music?

'Well, I never said I was a singer. I'm not – that's why I use the character of Divine, because I don't sing well enough to stand up there in a three-piece or a tuxedo. I couldn't get away with that. I'm no Frank Sinatra. My act is to be Divine, the big bitchy woman – that's what makes the show. So I do have to stay in character the whole time.'

Do you aim, though, to send them away with more respect for you as an artiste?

'No, I don't really care if they think any more of me afterwards than they did when they came in. So long as they had a good time. And so long as they don't leave actually disliking me. Yes, a lot of them come out of curiosity, but that's the same with any entertainer – whether it's me or Diana Ross – and they can leave feeling completely unentertained. But with my songs being popular in Europe and being in the charts then a lot of the audience do know what to expect. Some come to hear the songs, some to see Divine, and some just because they were dragged along by friends and they didn't want to stay home and watch crappy TV.'

Disappointed

You've worked with this magazine's publisher, Paul Raymond, haven't you? What was that in?

'That was *Women Behind Bars*, a comedy about a women's prison which was staged at the Whitehall Theatre. That was with Fiona Richmond.'

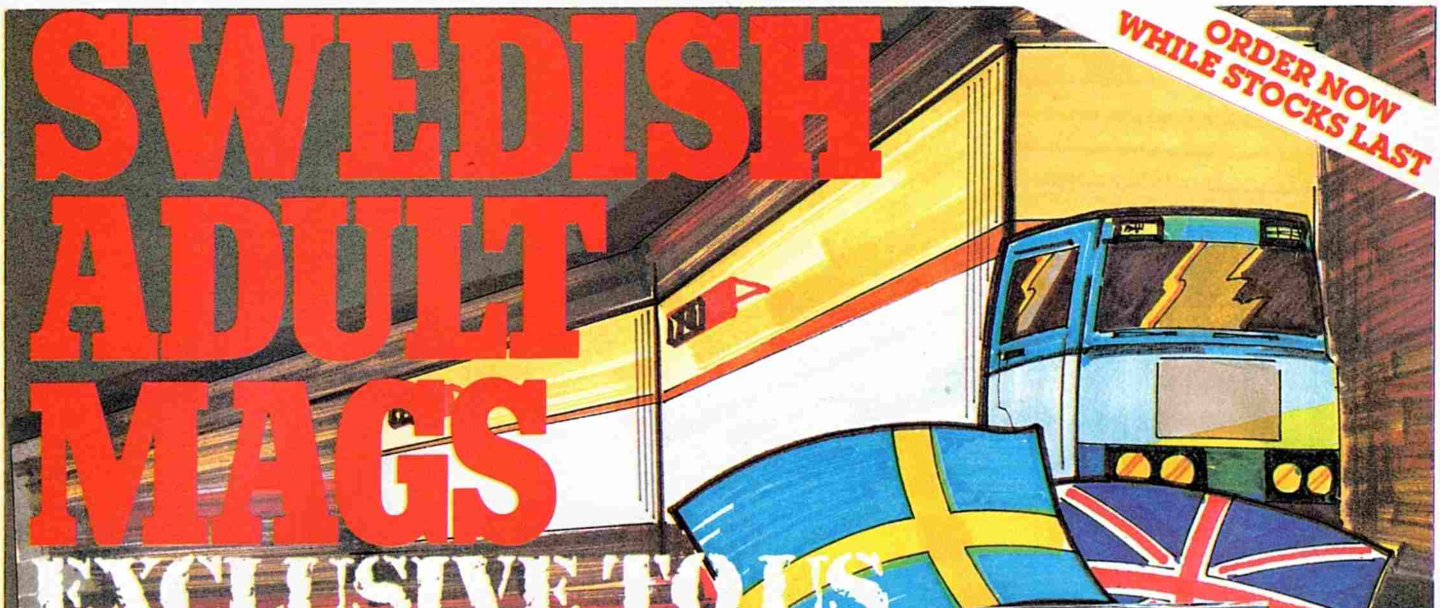
Was that an enjoyable thing for you?

'At the time I was quite disappointed. The gays in Britain didn't back me at all there. But that was 1977 and it's only been in the last five years that things have really changed, what with gay magazines and gay contact ads.'

Which do you prefer – the film work or the cabaret?

'That's like asking if I like New York or LA. It's hard to compare because I love them both and they're both so different. Movies are magical: there's so many things you can do on film you can't do live. But being on stage is wonderful because of the direct contact that you don't get with movies. If

Rosie rides through the desert on her sadly-overburdened mule in Lust in the Dust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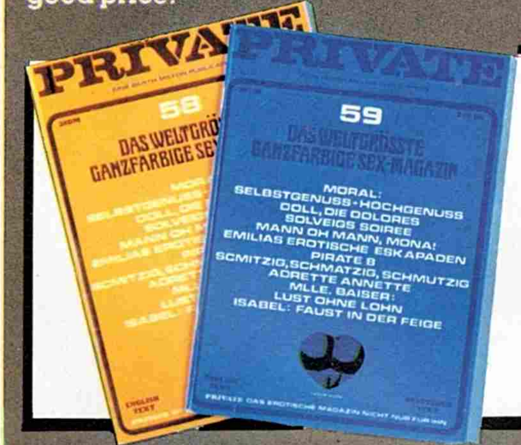
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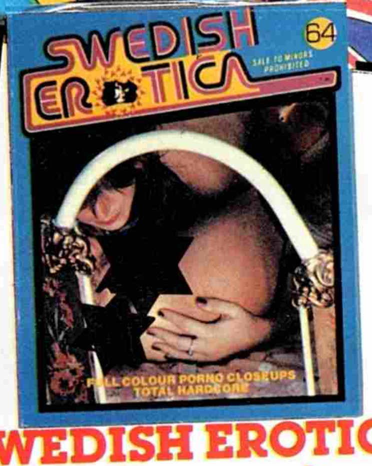
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you're going to fall on your face it happens right then and there – if you're going to send them wild it also happens right then. With a movie you have to wait much longer – maybe about a year. And even then it's up to the director and the editor to decide how much of you actually ends up on screen and what ends up on the cutting room floor. Sometimes they make big mistakes in my opinion. But that's not up to me, I'm not Barbra Streisand, I don't have that kind of control. But I'd say my first love probably is the movies because that's how I started out and because it's different every day. Stage work and plays . . . they can get repetitious, but my club act is different every night, different places, different faces – now that's exciting!'

Do you think there is an actual need for female impersonators in society?

'There must be. It's been around for ever. People have been doing it since God knows when. But a lot of people take it too serious, like women's groups who think people are making fun of them. Certainly I'm not – I don't know of any women who look or act like I do on stage. If they do . . . well more power to them! No, the character I do is more of a living cartoon, a caricature – not a real person.'

Does female impersonation break down people's inhibitions – or just reinforce the old stereotypes?

'As I've tried to explain, I'm not a female impersonator and I don't even understand those people who dress up and get up on stage to mime to someone else's music. I don't sing well, but I'd rather get up and sing at the top of my voice no matter how bad it sounds. That's *me* singing, not mimicking someone else's personality. What's the need for it when there's already been a Mae West or Marilyn Monroe, when there's already a Cher or a Dolly Parton – I'd much rather see the real thing. The only funny acts I've seen are those who invent their own female character or do take-offs which involve some acting talent. Craig Russell is very good and when he does Peggy Lee you can't tell the difference. But I'd still rather watch the real Peggy Lee . . .'

Have you seen any of our British drag artistes – Danny La Rue and people like that?

'I saw Danny La Rue on TV once – many years ago in 1977 – and it's much the same as the drag shows we have back in the States. But he's a very talented and very funny man.'

In your next film, **Trouble In Mind,** ***you're not wearing drag. Was this a conscious decision?***

'I'd been looking for an out of drag part for years – they're not so easy to come by if you've been typecast as a female. But Alan Rudolf called me one day and offered me this part. I read it and liked it – so I did it. I was very lucky. It opened in Los Angeles late last year and was voted one of the top ten best movies of 1985 by the LA critics and I got very good reviews out of it. I'm quite excited about it.'

Flattered

Tell us a little bit about it.

'It was wonderful to work with Kris Kristoffersson and Keith Carradine and Genevieve Bujold and great talent like that. It doesn't happen every day. I was flattered to be part of it. At the same time it was the most comfortable movie I've ever made – no wigs, no corsets, no dresses – none of the stuff I use to play Divine. And low-heeled shoes – that was my favourite thing!'

So you're being taken a little more seriously?

'For years people were calling me a drag queen, a female impersonator – which I'm not. I'm a character actor and I play all kinds of people, many of them women. But it's been hard to convince many people that that's what I am. They see a man in a dress and they automatically say I'm a drag queen. I'm not. Nor am I a female impersonator, I'm creating my own characters – and I'm excited about this one. But I can always go back and play Divine if I want to.'

Would you like to distance yourself a little bit from Divine?

'Not at all. I'll always play Divine or a similar character. But I only played Divine once in *Pink Flamingoes* – in my other movies it's really a variation on the same basic character. I'll play any character, male or female, as long as it's a good movie. The ones I've done so far have been fantastic. The ones I made with John Waters are still packing them in ten years later; people love them as much now as they did when they were first made. So I'll gladly do anything like that again . . .'

First Love

Are there any more non-drag films in the pipeline?

'I've been offered a couple and I'm reading the scripts now. But I won't take the parts just for that reason. I want them to be good and to be funny. My first love is comedy. I'm no Shakesperian actor – I leave that to other people. But more male roles . . . sure – but it doesn't really matter to me whether it's male or female.'

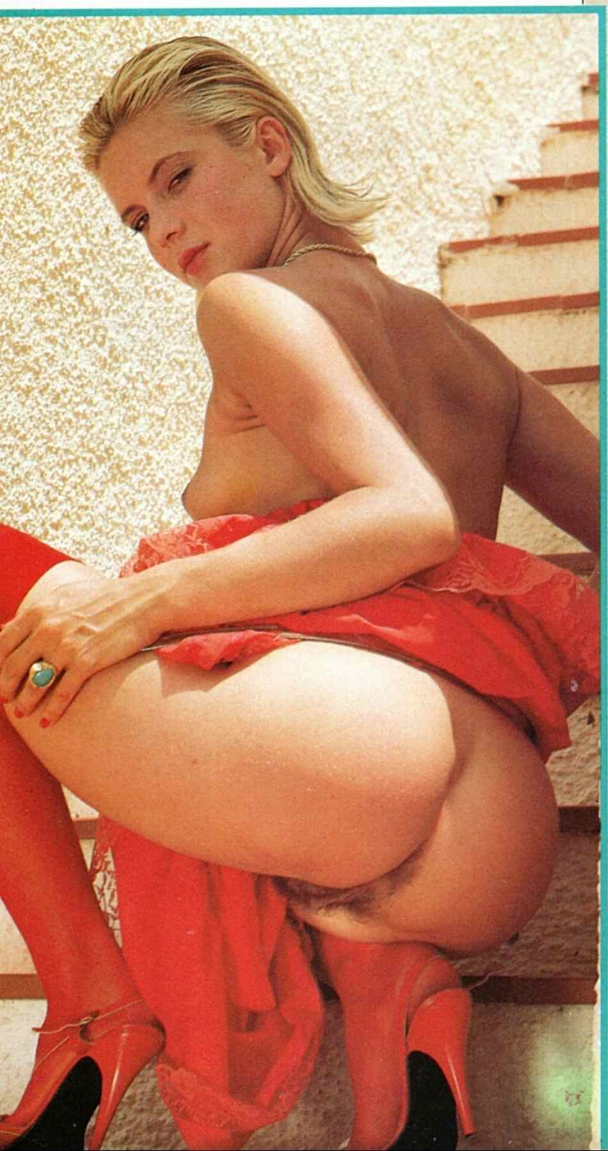
Do people still recognize you in the street out of drag?

'Oh, yes. There's pictures of me in the paper of course – usually a straight one and one of me in drag together. I love the contrast. People say: "Gee! It can't be the same person". And I do chat shows, which I never do in drag unless I can do the straight me as well. For my own credibility it's better for me to be myself . . . It's very difficult to tell someone you're not a transsexual or a transvestite when you're sitting there in a cocktail dress.'

Getting heavy with Fiona Richmond in Women Behind Bars

Photographs by Sarah Joyce

SABBA



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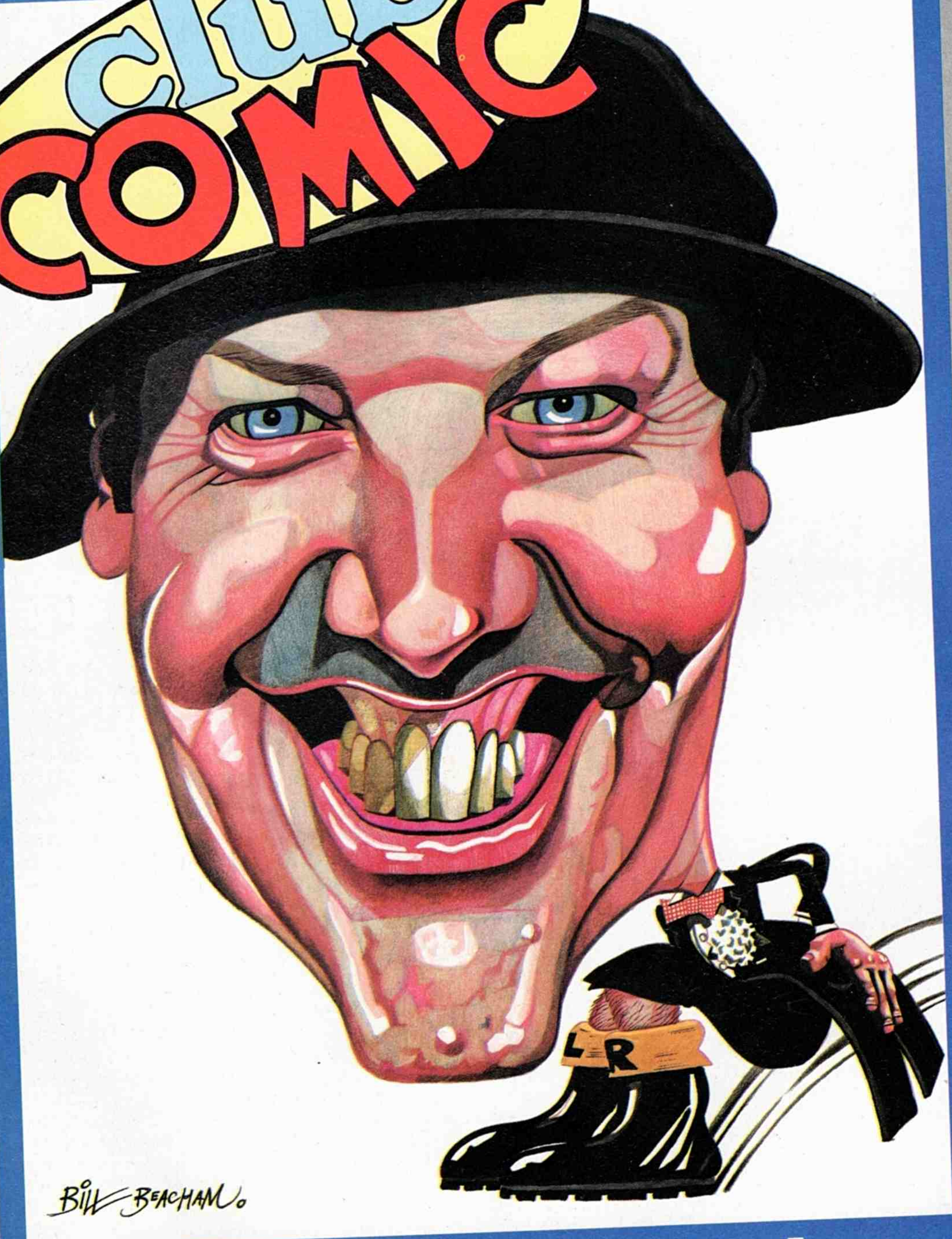

Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

JIMMY CRICKET

On a freezing bright lunchtime in Nottingham, the foyer of the Theatre Royal abounds with childish glee. It is the end of January, the easing off of the post-Christmas wind-up; we are already back to school, but on this Tuesday it is a packed house for *Aladdin,* played by perennial sex bomb, Barbara Windsor. Barbara's ever-endearing young charms gaze at us from a publicity still by the box office, but it is not she we have come to see; nor old timer, Billy Dainty, for that matter. The focus of our interest is on a 40-year-old Irishman from Ballygobackwards – a kind of Irish *Brigadoon* – Jimmy Cricket.

Smut – what is euphemistically referred to as 'the alternative theatre' – is on the wane in showbiz, even in the clubs. We are returning at long last to sheer wit and visual humour, in the vanguard of which is a new wave of comics with Jimmy very much to the fore.

Rubber-faced

Jimmy Cricket plays *Wishee Washee* in the panto; a Chinese Irishman whose real name is Paddy Fields. And, just to prove the point, those celebrated wellies with R and L on the wrong feet also have special Chinese hieroglyphics saying the same thing.

Jimmy is rubber-faced – the sort of visage that was much sought after by Victorian thespians in the legitimate theatre that can cream and mantle like a standing pond, to quote the bard, or with mirth and laughter play the fool and let old wrinkles come.

Jimmy Cricket – he took his stage surname from the Walt Disney character – was born Jimmy Mulgrew in Cookstown, Belfast, where his father was the local taxi service, pub owner, and undertaker.

He was a man with a very droll sense of humour, as Jimmy recalls. 'One time he was driving two nuns to the station, desperate to catch the train. He turns round to them and says: "*You* pray like hell. *I'll* drive like hell, and between us we'll get there on time".'

On another occasion Frank Mulgrew, back in the war years, gave two American servicemen a lift in the back of his hearse. When they reached their destination, one of them turned to him saying: 'Mac, that sure was a bumpy ride.' 'Sure, now,' was the reply. 'You're the first one to get out of there that's complained!'

Hit Record

The Jimmy Cricket path to success was via the talent shows and Butlin's holiday camp at Mosney, Co. Meath, where he was a redcoat.

'Before that,' says Jimmy, 'I started off by miming records. Back in the '60s – the golden era of pop, I suppose you'd call it, with The Beatles and all that – I used to hang around, as you do, with other 16- and 17-year-olds. PJ Proby had reached a high with a hit record called *There's A Place* – that was before the trouser-splitting thing –

which he sang like Billy Eckstein. Girls went for him – he was an extremely good-looking fella.

'The local dance hall had a PJ Proby-look-alike competition. A fiver if you could be the one that looked most like him. They brought over an English disc jockey to present it. Anyway, I had the funny clothes, including a bow tie. I bought a funny shirt and mimed the movements, so I got the laughs and the fiver.

Menial Tasks

'To cut a long story sideways, I took the fiver and bought everyone ice-cream over at the café, so that was it!

'I suppose the next stage was when a very old friend called Fergus Woods – he's a schoolteacher; we still keep in touch – said: "Why don't we mix a tape up with different records? Jumble everything up, then you do all the funny expressions and enter another talent competition?" So that began stage two; adding music to the mime.'

What about the interval – those years between leaving school and ulimate success? What was Jimmy Mulgrew's first job?

'Delivering sausages all over Belfast for *Lipton's!* I next got a job in a bookie's, graduating to becoming a board marker. All menial tasks. But I always had the bug about going into show business.

'My father took me to the Grand Opera House, Belfast, as a very little boy. It would have been about 1949/50. Archie Andrews and Peter Brough were on the bill, but irrespective of who was appearing, I got that feeling; the desire to do it. I had the feeling and the shyness at the thought.

'Later on, when I started doing talent shows and was over here in England for the first time, I changed from mime to patter because I felt you needed contact with the audience, and to do that you have got to be speaking. I had to make that transition; to bring the audience into my confidence, otherwise a mime – good enough though it is – is still impersonal, isn't it?'

People Person

Jimmy is a people person from a family with three sons and a daughter. Belfast, like Liverpool, is noted for its wit and instant riposte. A mime on its own is an 'it'. It's the words that count – the *patter*, as it's called in the business.

His humour is of the gallows variety – the ability to laugh at one's own troubles and tribulations, to make one the butt of one's own shaft.

'During the troubles,' Jimmy recalls, 'the police tried at one stage to get more co-operation from the catholic population in Northern Ireland. They used to put a sign in catholic areas saying *Help The RUC*, until one fella added – *Yes, beat yourself up!*

'Irish humour,' Jimmy reflects, as he applies his make-up and the tannoy announces *Twenty minutes please, ladies and gentlemen,* 'is all the blarney and all the business without the language. My father epitomized it, you see. My mother used to say some lovely things, too. When people in the pub would say to her it was late and they should be getting home she would tell them: "It's never late until it's morning, and then it's early!"

'I remember the time Jimmy O'Dee died – may the Lord have mercy on him – and we were reading details of his funeral in the paper in the house. My mother said: "There's people dying now that's never died before".

> *'In clubs, if you don't get them in the first few minutes, you're dead. The whole thing is to catch and nail them . . .'*

'But, you know, when I first came to this country and started working the clubs, people could not understand me because I had such a strong Belfast accent. I remember struggling at Leeds for about five minutes before I had to give up and go off. They simply could not understand what I was saying. It was all right that summer when I played the Belfast area, but even when I went down into the Free State to Butlin's at Mosney, Dubliners – *Dubliners*! – had trouble making out what I was saying, so I had to learn to slow down and articulate more.'

Mr Cricket dons the raiment of *Wishee Washee* and steps into the wellies. 'Do you remember a few years back when there were all those Irish jokes going round? You know, the one about the fella with the wellies? Well, I thought: "I'LL BE THAT FELLA!"

'People used to say at the start: "Why don't you put string on them?" I did, but I kept falling over, so then I cut the string and painted the L and R on the front, on the wrong feet. Down in Kerry it took them all night to see the joke, you know . . .

'But then, you see, the character transcends how you have started it until a point is reached where you could come from anywhere. I'm Irish, of course. I have an Irish accent, but the character is now becoming much more universal.'

I don't say anything, but I don't think I agree totally. I can't image a Welshman or a Scotsman dressed in Cricket-type clothes getting the same instant recognition and laughs. It is the very licence to misbehave that the mainland British give the Irish – which they give noone else – that makes the Cricket stage persona so richly funny, and not only to children. Most of us have that awareness of the ridiculous within us, which is what the Jimmy Cricket character brings out.

But Jimmy persists developing his line of thought. 'It (the character) was all right for clubs, but I move on now. I mean, I tell people I want to be the new James Bond. The man with the golden wellies. Double O'Reilly, y'know?'

And then, of course, there's the hat. The *Gombeen* hat, the mark of a successful idiot.

'I'll tell you the story of the hat,' says Jimmy, pulling it firmly on his head sideways in the way he appears before his audiences out front. 'When I do a club act, there's the tail coat, the trousers at half-mast, and the hat. I did a show, *The Good Old Days*, for Barney Colehan. Prior to that I just had a white jacket and a pair of wellingtons. However, when I got to the television studio, I found I had to make some concessions to the Edwardian times, so Barney gave me the tail coat and this hat, which is an Edwardian gentleman's bowler hat when you wear it like so' – it is demonstrated on the head the proper way – 'so I just turned it around, like this!

'They wanted to give me white gloves, too, but that would have been too posh. So I got these cut-away mittens. One. I'm still waiting for the other.

Very Lucky

'It's been a great couple of years. I've been very lucky. I can't grumble at all. The thing that got me on the telly was that I worked up a name for myself in the clubs in the north of England, because I live in Rochdale. I appeared with my wellies on the wrong foot. We did all the business. We kept it clean, and I liked the clubs because I could go home every night.'

Home is to wife, May, and their two boys and two girls, Dale, Frank (named after Jimmy's father), Jamie and Katie.

How did the gentle Cricket go down in the hard, booze-fed hurlyburly of clubland?

'In clubs, if you don't get them in the first few minutes, you're dead. The whole thing is to catch and nail them. By looking funny, I gathered attention. When they interrupted, I used to say: "You can go home now. Your cage is clean", or: "I wish you were a statue and I was a pigeon". But after I did the ad libs at the start, the character developed and I found I didn't get heckled so much.'

This summer, Jimmy Cricket is in his own season at Torquay. With him are Lena Zavaroni, and magician Johnny Hart. 'It's a fun revue, and I'm looking forward to it,' he says before bidding the request to get onstage as the chorus finish their toe-tapping introduction to the pantomime.

'You know,' confides Mr Cricket as he decently guides me to the stage door. 'People think *I'm* mad . . . well, just let me tell you: a fella sends me an Irish pound note which has been torn in half . . . and put back together with two different halves.

'What? Sure, I'm keeping it. You never know . . .'

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'"I did," says I. "Well, I'm afraid I've got bad news. He hung himself."

'"Oh no, he didn't", says yer man. "Because I hung him up myself to dry!"'

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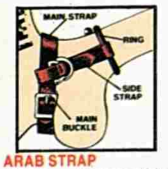

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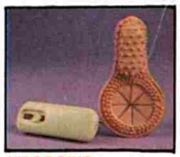

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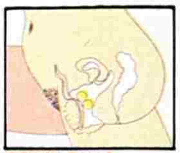

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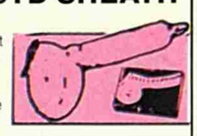

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club Event

'She goes like a bunny' is a phrase which girls are often landed with whether they like it or not – or whether they deserve it or not. Brings to mind the story about the guy at a party who summoned up enough bravado to come straight out and ask this bird he was chatting up: 'Do you go like a bunny?'

Her reply is legend in this office. 'Buck off!' was all she said. All she needed to say, really.

And this *Club Event* is dedicated to her, and to 'bunny' girls everywhere. Anyway, let's not rabbit on too long.

We lined up seven cuddly maidens who we could just imagine picking up by the ears and tail and giving a nice, long stroke (or letting *them* have a stroke). Then came the ears and tail. Then came the instructions to act like bunnies – not made any easier by the fact the photographer's assistant (since sacked because he admitted to actually *eating* rabbits, the scoundrel) forgot to bring along the carrots. Which is, maybe, not such a bad thing – this lot would probably have subjected them to gross misuse in any case . . .

Photographs by Dave Antony

club Event

club Event

Seconds Out...

. . . and take your ringside seats, ladies and gentlemen, for the boxing event of the year. Forget Bruno or McGuigan – it's Beaven v Drew heading the bill here (and even if either of these undoubtedly talented sportsmen made it as far as getting into the ring with one or other of our boxing beauties, they'd be floored for good by a swift one below the belt on the referee's blind side).

The occasion was the Old Ben Boxing Tournament at the London Press Centre, the proceeds of which went to the Old Ben fund for needy newsvendors in the Capital.

The boxing was first class, but the biggest cheer of the night was reserved for the entrance of our girls into the ring. A strange contest it was, too, with Linzi falling to the canvas before Dawn had so much as looked at her.

'I slipped,' said Ms Drew.

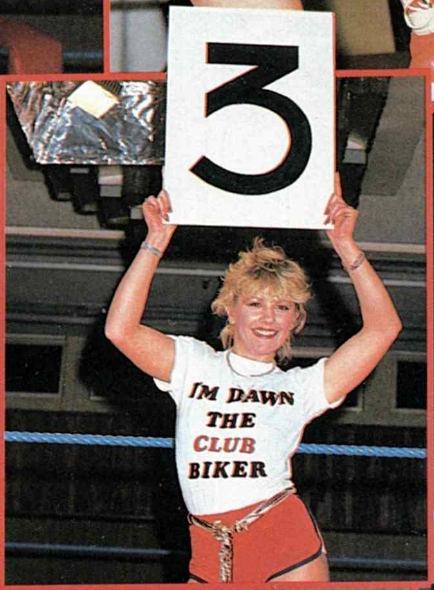
'She didn't stand a chance with my right hook,' said Biker Beaven.

Hmmm. Sounds like collusion to us. Never mind, though: more than £3000 was raised on the night for Old Ben.

Knockout!

Photographs by Dave Antony

LIFE
WITH
LINZI
IN
CLUB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I'M DAWN
THE
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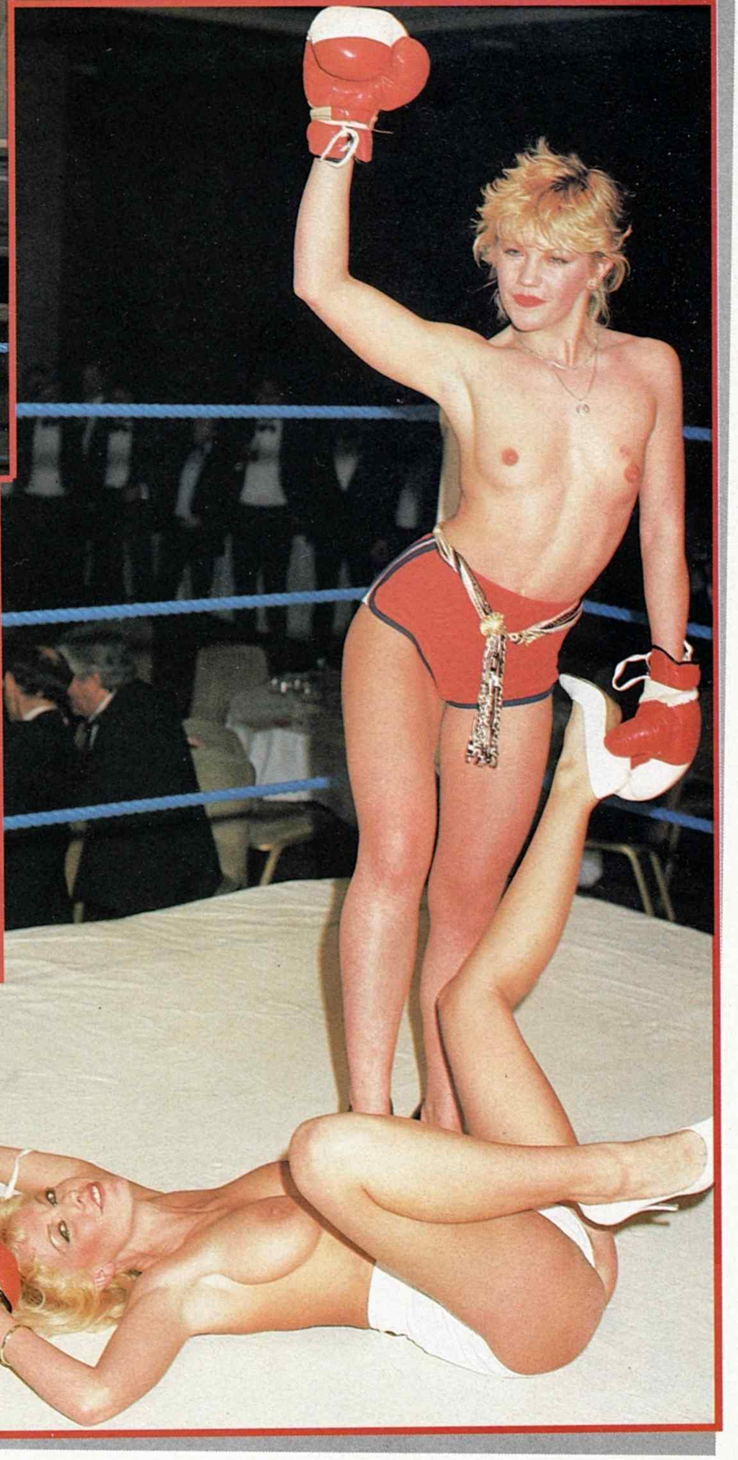
BIKER



I'M DAWN
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LIFE
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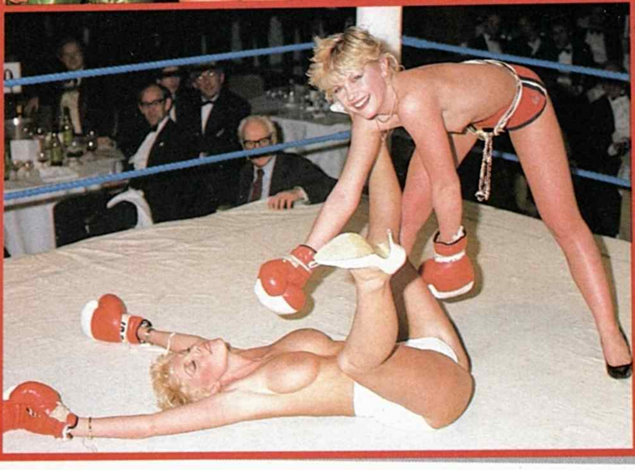

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READERS WRITES

Take your minds off boating with Sheila

Continued from page 6

up my precious Club as I am on the dole and penniless, this issue comes along and my resolution has gone down the pan.

What an issue! Linzi Drew at her finest, a marvellous *Club Event* (one of your best features), as well as Gina, Bobby, Marcia and *Club Chance* girl Denise; truly stunning girls, and excellently photographed. And to think some lucky fellows have probably fucked these visions (I'm sure they don't live like nuns).

Surely no lad could keep his come more than five seconds with a cunt like Bobby's to milk his prick, although I'd love to try! Seriously, though, an excellent mag and a great format. Keep up the good work, you rotten sods.

Oh, well – back to my bread and water.

Ronald, Bournemouth

Park Party

I would like to submit a true story which happened a couple of weeks ago. One evening, my mates and I were taking a walk along a deserted area of the local park, laughing and joking about old times, when we heard a voice calling us over. It was our friend, Simon.

We went over to him, and he led us to a scene which could have come straight out of a sex film. Janet, a girl who lives down the road from me, was flat on her back, being well and truly seen to by two hairy blokes – one at either end.

Janet – who's the same age as me, 20, and has a terrific figure with shoulder-length blonde hair – was wearing a blue skirt and a blue blouse, the latter wrapped around her middle and showing off her nice, firm tits. One of the hairy blokes, Albert, played roughly with her nipples, causing them to stand hard. My mates all whistled and cheered, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson', they were naked. I soon followed suit.

The two hairies came simultaneously amid much grunting and groaning, and emptied their contents into Janet's body. Not giving her time to catch her breath, John and Steve took over the vacant places.

No one blamed anyone else for taking advantage of her, because she was actually asking for it.

Steve shot his spunk down her throat, filling her mouth to the brim. A trickle of it ran down her cheeks as she tried to swallow his load. Once Steve left, I quickly took up position by Janet's head and sank my hard length into her mouth, right down to the tip of her throat. Her lips closed around my shaft, and I felt her teeth gently scraping over my skin. As it tickled my cock, her tongue felt as though it was experienced at oral.

John then left his position between her legs, and was immediately replaced by David. He has a cock to be proud of – at least nine inches long. He entered her with one forward flick of his hips, and his whole length was buried deep up her snatch. This caused her to tighten her mouth around my cock even more.

As soon as David had invaded her hole, he pulled out and turned her on to all fours. I also pulled out of her, and David and I exchanged places. His cock was covered in a thick layer of spunk and her cunt juices. He slipped it into her awaiting mouth.

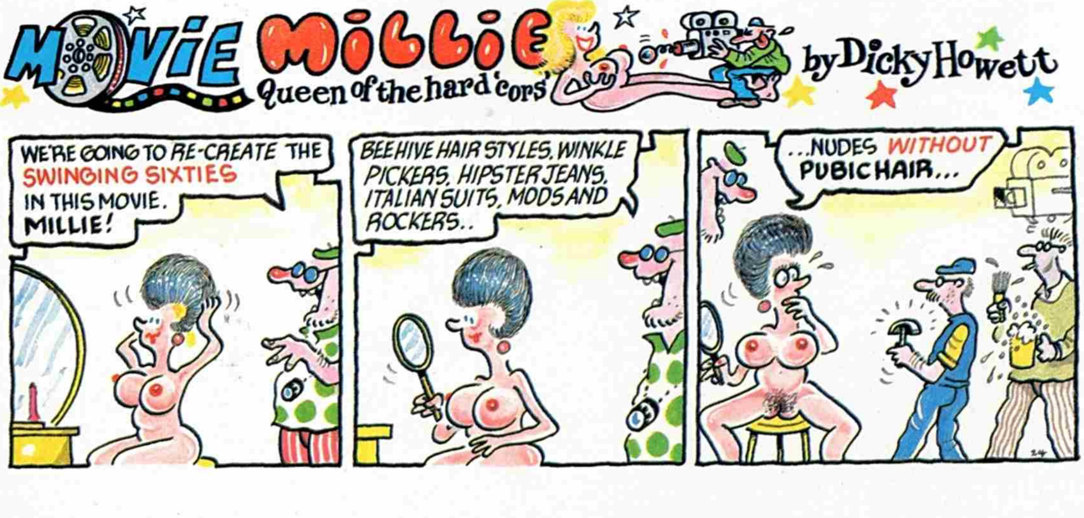
As I was kneeling at her rear, I noticed she was wearing black seamed stockings and suspenders. This turned me on even more. I shoved my knob past her cunt lips and shoved my remaining seven inches up her. I fondled her buttocks and thighs, and started to fuck as hard as I could.

Janet thrust back, her cunt gripping me tightly, her mouth full of David's monster as he pushed up to his pubic curls. His length must have been virtually down her throat. Her hips began to shake as she orgasmed, and this prompted me to do the same. I slammed my pelvis into her buttocks and ejaculated my thick wads of spunk deep into her cunt. As I dismounted, it was Simon who quickly took my place.

We got dressed and watched the rest of the show.

Then my mates all hurriedly departed, leaving me to take the happy and contented Janet home. Her face was almost covered in dry spunk, which she cleaned the best she could. On the way, she told me how much she had enjoyed the sex session. I later asked her out on a date – I'm no fool; I know when I'm on to a good thing.

SS, Nottingham


MOVIE MILLIE
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LIANNE

Photographs by Sarah Joyce

club Biker

Kawasaki
Z 750
Kawasaki

Hands off-it's mine!

You know, riding all these exotic new bikes for *Club Biker* is all very well, but there really is nothing to compare with having your own pride and joy to fondle, pamper and show off. *Bikes* it is I'm talking about, remember.

I've owned my own bike ever since I was old enough to take to the roads. I started off on a little Honda 125, before moving on to a more sporty Yamaha 250. While I was working as a despatch rider, my company's bikes were a Honda 250 and another Honda 125. More recently, I've owned a custom-style 250 Yamaha and a four-cylinder Suzuki 400. The 400 was quite a flighty little number, but riding big, powerful bikes for this column really whetted my appetite for something with real *oomph!* I decided the time had come for a trade-in . . .

There's nothing I'd like more than to have a garage full of top-of-the-range supersports roadburners, but I'm afraid I live in the real world, and would need to make my choice carefully. I wanted something with style, but I also wanted something capable of handling the worst that London's roads could throw at it, and something which would be reliable and fairly economical to run. And I didn't have a king's ransom in my bank balance, either!

Spanking New

I scanned the bike papers for the best deal, paying particular attention to bikes around the 550cc to 750cc bracket. You'd be amazed at the huge variety of prices and special offers on the go for new bikes – like anything else, it really does pay to shop around.

After being tempted once or twice, I eventually settled for a Kawasaki Z750L. A London dealer was offering it at a really good price, and when I saw it sitting all shiny and black in the showroom, it was love at first sight. I had to have it!

As any biker will tell you, actually being handed the keys to your very own brand, spanking new motor cycle after all the paperwork and machine preparation is out of the way is a big thrill. And it doesn't matter that the new bike is still in showroom condition when you get it home – giving it a polish is always the first task for any proud owner!

The Z750L has always had rave reviews, and the general consensus seems to be that it's a bit of a wolf in sheep's clothing: it can be a sensible, everyday workhorse if you want it to be, or you can chuck it around the country lanes like a good 'un if you want a bit of fun. And if you're in a hurry, it'll top 120mph with ease. I can certainly vouch for the first two, but, as I'm still running my bike in, I haven't been able to give it some stick . . . yet.

Quick Blast

But my experience of Kawasakis – through going on test runs and cadging bikes off mates for a quick blast – is that their four-cylinder motors are incredibly strong and can take a lot of punishment.

Of course, I'm itching to get my bike run in properly so I can see for myself what delights it holds at the upper end of the rev scale. But, conscientious owner that I am (ahem!), I won't be tempted into doing anything silly: putting a still-new engine under too much strain is just asking for trouble.

Many bikers, especially the keen youngsters, go out and buy a new machine without considering all the 'hidden' extras involved with ownership. If you don't believe me, just ask the hire-purchase companies about bikes they've repossessed because the owners couldn't keep up the payments, or have a look in a showroom and seek out the one-year-old bikes being put up for sale because the owners couldn't afford to renew their insurance.

Insurance – that's the real killer. I remember a mate of mine bought an old 250 a few years back for £100, and sold it again before he'd even had a chance to ride it. Why? Well, the cheapest insurance he could find was £200 – twice what the bike was worth . . .

Always find out how much your insurance is going to cost before you buy. Unless you stick to a moped, it's never cheap, but at least forewarned is forearmed, as they say!

Lot of Dough

My premium, which is for fully comprehensive cover, currently stands at £220 a year – which isn't too bad for a 750cc bike in London. But an 18-year-old in The Smoke with a 1000cc machine could expect to pay well over £1000 a year. Add the cost of servicing, replacement of tyres, chains, etc and road tax – and that's a lot of dough.

As far as I'm concerned, though, it's all worth it: I get more pride of ownership from a bike than anything else I can think of – and that certainly includes a car!

The biggest hassle of owning a gleaming C-reg motor bike is the constant worry that someone might take *too* much of an interest in the new addition to the family. I mean, it's all very well getting envious looks as you cruise down the High Street, or – the old Beaven favourite – being put through the third degree at filling stations.

But it's when an interested party decides that loading your bike into the back of a van is the best way to get a good look at it that things are just going a bit too far, methinks. This was a fate that befell my Yamaha 250 two or three years back, so I know what it's like to get up in the morning, pull back the curtains and see the parking space where your bike used to be.

Once bitten, as they say. I've installed an alarm on the Kawasaki. And while I'd rather it was one that blew the bastards' arms off, it'll at least give them

Photographs by Dave Antony

Kawasaki

agv

enough of a fright to see them on their way . . . without my bike!

However, if anyone actually goes out and *buys* a Z750, they'll find it's money well spent. I particularly like the taut, secure handling and the upright riding position. Backed up by a torquey power delivery and a set of very sharp brakes indeed, the Kawasaki makes an ace city bike, and that suits me just fine. You'll see from the pictures I've added a black carrier rack, and it's proved to be worth its weight in gold, aided and abetted by the bungee hook – which must rate as the best invention ever!

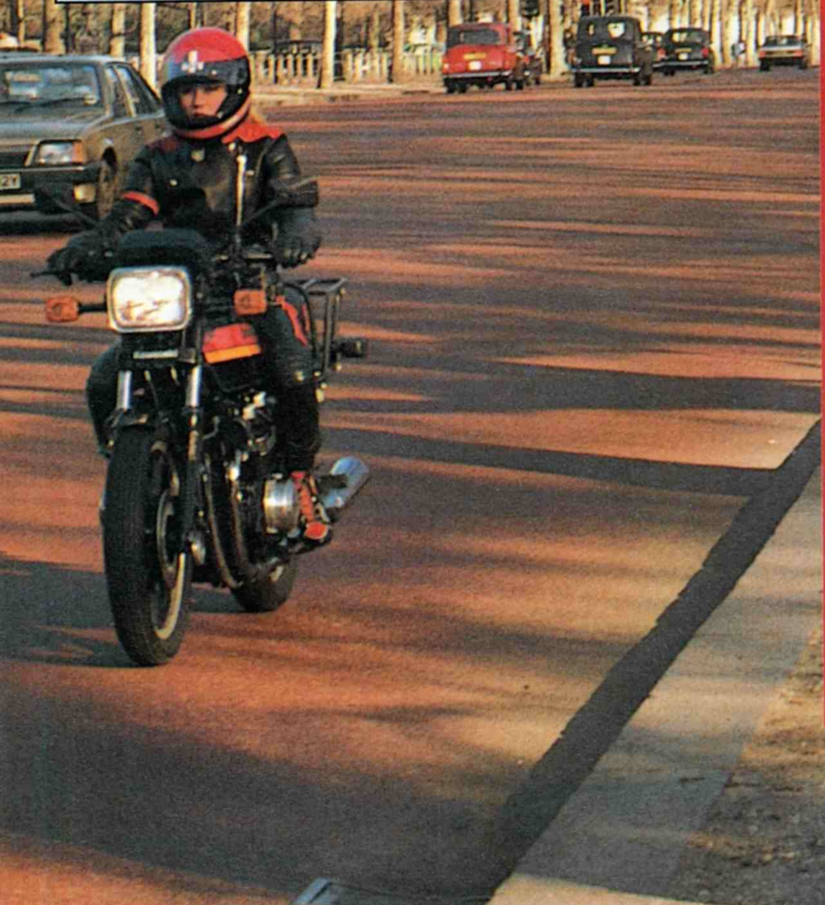
It's very much a case of so far, so good, then. I only hope I can *keep* the bike gleaming the way it is just now – and if it carries on starting first push of the button in the morning, and giving me as much pleasure as it does now, I reckon I'm on to a good thing.

In fact, the only person who's a bit cheesed off with the whole thing is my boyfriend, who reckons he's been a bit neglected recently. 'You think more of your Kawasaki than you do of me,' he complained.

Funny thing is – I reckon he might be right . . .

Dawn Beaven

Dawn's Bobo two-piece leather suit supplied by Boleto & Bowen Leather Co. Ltd., Aladdin House, Ecton Street, Northampton, Northants NN1 5RA. Frank Thomas paddock boots provided by Frank Thomas Ltd., Atlanta Works, Victoria Street, Irthlingborough, Northants NN9 5RG. AGV helmet is Dawn's own.



KAWASAKI Z750L-4

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Importer:	Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd., 748/749 Deal Avenue, Trading Estate, Slough, Berkshire SL1 4SH. Machine in pictures is Dawn's own bike, purchased from Powerhouse Motor Cycles Ltd., 141 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

BED, BOOK AN

Not everyone puts out the lights when they climb into bed. A case in point is our own JIMMY DOYLE, who likes nothing better than to prop up the pillows and work his way through a pile of paperbacks or a variety of videos – just as long as his good friend, MAISIE, comes along for the ride, too. Here, in the first of a new series, the man explains all . . .

Any reviewer worth his salt does all his calculations in bed, the surface of which should be quite firm but certainly yielding, and equipped with excellent springs. He should also seek out the advice of others, which is why I invite so many people to share mine – bed, that is. On the whole, they tend to be regular companions I find beside me – like Maisie, a willowy brunette with green eyes, very passionate, inquisitive and chatty, who is partial to my reading aloud to her when we are not watching films on the National Panasonic recorder I have installed at great expense at the foot of my four-poster.

Cathy, on the other hand, is a passive soul with large breasts (40 inches at least, with wide, dark nipples), on both of which I have often weighed things – difficult things – in the balance, and found them not wanting. She loves me to play with them while I read, watch and form opinions. There are others, of course, with whom I confer from time to time, and you will meet them soon enough.

Earlier this month, for instance, Maisie and I spent a couple of nights between the sheets, contemplating a few paperbacks thrown idly my way for a positive verdict. Naturally, I chilled a bottle of dry white wine for the purpose, took off my clothes (observing Maisie do the same thing with much more style) and opened with a strange, rather obsessive book, entitled *Flaubert's Parrot*. Everyone said it would win the Booker Prize last year, but it didn't.

'Who's Flaubert?' asked Maisie, gently warming a cold thigh up and down my left leg till the hairs on them began to behave like iron filings to a magnet.

'He was a 19th Century French writer,' I replied, trying to keep my voice steady, 'who's supposed to have invented realism in the novel. He lived most of his life in a small town in France, near Rouen, purely on a private income, once in a while visiting brothels in Egypt to escape from his mother. He is chiefly famous for writing *Madame Bovary*, which we'll get to in a minute. He also coined the phrase: "When the brain sinks, the prick rises", and regarded his penis as a piece of artillery, quite often counting the number of shots he could fire into a tart.'

'Did he have a parrot?'

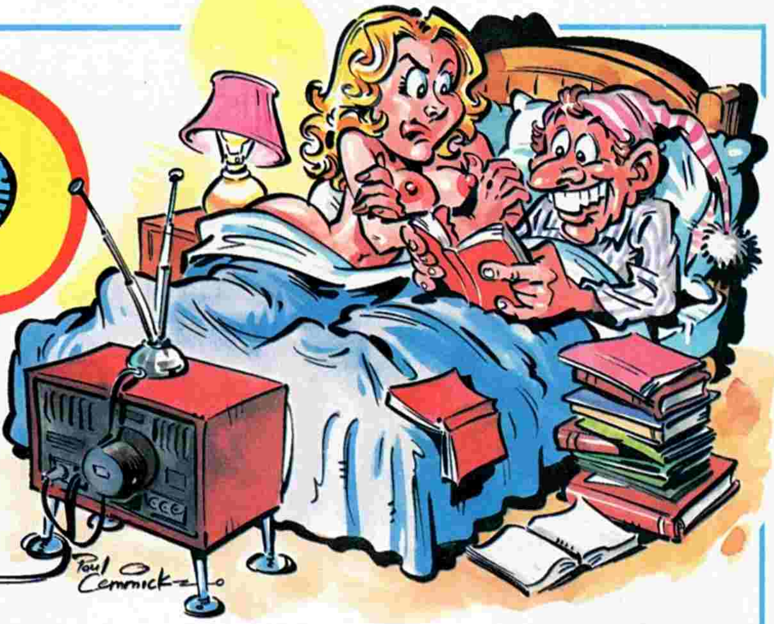
'Apparently so. For three weeks. It was green and it seemed to irritate him.'

Sexual Recuperation

Maisie was satisfied with that, so I began to read. It's a novel written by a literary critic who has assumed the identity of an elderly retired doctor whose wife has mysteriously committed suicide. The parrot, you understand, is real enough but also heavily symbolic. The good doctor searches for it while getting down a sort of sketchy biography of Flaubert, placing some emphasis on his powers of sexual recuperation, but not much. It wanders around, this book, sometimes sounding like a diatribe, sometimes looking like a CSE exam paper. I liked it, and so did Maisie. 'Let's see how many shots you can fire into me,' she said, tugging my earlobe, squeezing my artillery. I think I managed two, if you accept fractions.

Madame Bovary was our next pitch. This was Flaubert himself now, with no help from any modern folk. It's probably the most famous example of adultery in the history of fiction, the lady in question being

VIDEO



the wife of a country doctor, bored out of her mind and running an extremely sensual eye over other possibilities. I say this, because Maisie seemed to recognize her immediately.

'I know this dame,' she said, propping herself on one elbow. 'Doesn't she hitch up with the wrong guy, play the field a bit, get caught in the act and then top herself?'

I nodded. It was a tidy summary of the facts. Flaubert actually describes Emma Bovary as 'gasping for love, as a carp on a kitchen table for water.' Yes, that desperate. She plays with fire, compromises herself, pays the penalty. Indispensable stuff. Maisie and I read it in one sitting, no breaks for wine, fucking or answering the telephone. Flaubert knew his prose. We were hooked.

Bright-eyed

Then, after much recuperation, but no sleep, I picked up a claustrophobic little number, *The Riding Mistress.* I had some idea of what to expect when Maisie, still very bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, twisted my wrist back so she could see what it said on the back jacket.

'"On a fog-bound night"', she sight-read,'"on a cross-channel ferry, Charlotte tells a curious stranger the story of her love for the woman who was once her . . ." Oh, Christ, *lesbians*.'

Maisie, I ought to warn you, hates lesbians. She won't discuss her reasons for this, but I gather she had some experience of the breed, and it was bad. This one, I realize with a heavy sigh, I am destined to read alone. Frankly, I didn't enjoy it, either. It isn't very erotic, for a start, although it claims to be so on the cover. Unless you find people waiting for a telephone to ring erotic, or the sight of someone deliberately throwing themselves from a horse so that a rather testy female instructor can wash the wound and apply bandages. Then there is much poetic twittering and some desolate dialogue, most of which concerns the absence of a loved one, or partner. Meanwhile, on the ferry that Maisie mentioned before burying her face in one of my pillows, people are being sick. Fair comment, I thought, except for those who would willingly step inside the ring for ten rounds with Unforgettable Intensity and Breast Surgery.

I tried to cheer Maisie up with a colourful, large-format, trick-photographic book called *Only Two Can Play*, in which the naked female anatomy is subjected to a bit of meaningful lens-prancing in supermarket trolleys, glowing heart-shaped light bulbs, trussed teddy bears, ominous shadows, tombstones and melting ice-creams, but she wasn't having any. She was far too miffed by the sapphic prose I'd recently discarded to pay much attention.

I started quoting from the breezy text that goes with it. 'Hey, Maisie,' I said, stroking the nape of her neck (which normally gets her going), 'listen to this: "In the privacy of our own bedrooms, we can be anyone we choose to be. So can our partners." Maisie! You hear that? Good smutty fun, yes?'

'To hell with it, Jimmy. I'll wait for the films.'

She was right, you know. These glossy, coffee-table tomes with tasteful, surreal nude shots from one page to the next are OK, but they're a little over-populated for my liking. I mean, you're not exactly embarrassed to show them to guests in your house, because they can flip through and say things like 'nice light bulb' or 'those golf clubs must have set them back plenty'. But you're not smitten, either. Like multi-coloured umbrellas in a cocktail, I can bear to have them around unless they bump up the price of a drink. This one's cheap enough, but there are better examples.

The following evening, Maisie was around again, so, in honour of this, I switched on my machine, my VCR for the monthly visuals. My girl Maisie sat bolt upright now, her good humour back in business, I'm glad to say, which gave me another opportunity to admire her very agreeable tits, as the sheet fell off them just as the titles for *Bedroom Eyes* hit the small screen. We settled into each other as a good-looking bloke started jogging round this neighbourhood after dark in a pale blue tracksuit, and peeping at the girls.

Hot Scene

'Why blue, for God's sake?' exclaimed Maisie. 'Black's a far better colour for this kind of work. Is it a dirty movie? Let me see that box a minute.' She snatched it from me. 'Peepers are OK with me.'

That said, she was about to relax when this dame the peeper is watching begins a hot scene with another dame. So, naturally, Maisie switched off and had to be persuaded that I wasn't hatching some gay plot at her expense. But she liked the guy and soon enough she emerged from the sheets to see him do his stuff. When the murder took place, she was actually nibbling the edge. I wasn't so taken. I've seen it done better, much better. *Rear Window*, for instance. This one can't make up its mind, sex or thriller.

Truly, though, I was in the mood for laughs, and the prospect of a double bill consisting of *The Fortune Cookie* with Walter Matthau as a shyster lawyer and *Some Like It Hot* which needs no introduction, made me feel like drooling. It would take us way past midnight, and incessant giggling turns Maisie into a sex-crazed animal. Quite frankly, it's the key to her libido and I'll recommend anything that does more than half of my work for me in that department. It's not that I'm lazy or anything, just that Maisie and good comedy is a combination worth endlessly repeating.

Gentle Pressure

Now if you're partial to movies at all, you should be pretty familiar with both of these, made by the same man, Billy Wilder. In the first, Jack Lemmon is a CBS cameraman who gets accidentally poleaxed by a massive black football star during a live game and fakes paralysis from the neck down on the advice of his brother-in-law (Walter Matthau, and very heavy on the eyebrows), to rake in a cool million and maybe get his torch-singing wife back into bed. 'Every time they build a better mouse-trap,' says Matthau, 'the mice get smarter, too.' Immaculate wise-cracking throughout – a judgement reached so much more easily by the warm and gentle pressure of Maisie's left thigh, stroking me and mine.

I was about to be carried away in this direction when the unmistakeable brass section setting up the titles to *Some Like It Hot.* I pulled up so fast I nearly broke her nose.

'Careful, Mr. Doyle,' she snapped, 'I breathe through this.'

'Pardon me, Maisie. But it's your eyes and ears you'll be needing for this.'

'Hands and mouth later, then?'

'It's a definite date.'

Personally, I'll never get tired of this movie. I must have seen it 20, 25 times, perhaps more. There isn't a moment in it that I'd want to improve on, that could be improved on. Maisie's seen it a couple of times, and she's happy now that we've made a certain oral sex arrangement for later to sit back and laugh herself horny as hell.

Do you really need the plot of this one? I don't think so. It's enough that an all-girl band travels to Florida, Sweet Sue and her Society Syncopators, all of them virtuosos; that Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis are in that band, borrowing each other's lipstick; that George Raft drinks milk and Marilyn Monroe is Sugar Kane and tired of getting the fuzzy end of the lollipop.

I can get warmed up by some steamy sex on screen, if it's good, but chiefly people like Monroe were always erotic up there without ever having to show it all off. Just listen to her on the saxophone players she gets nuts about: 'I don't know what it is,' she tells Curtis with his wig on, 'they just curdle me. All they have to do is play eight bars of *Come To Me My Melancholy Baby* and my spine turns to custard, I get goose-pimply all over, and I come to them.' You've got to see and hear that from her direct to get my full drift. She isn't the only one who turns to custard. And when Maisie finished with me an hour or so later, I really felt like a tube of toothpaste – all squeezed out.

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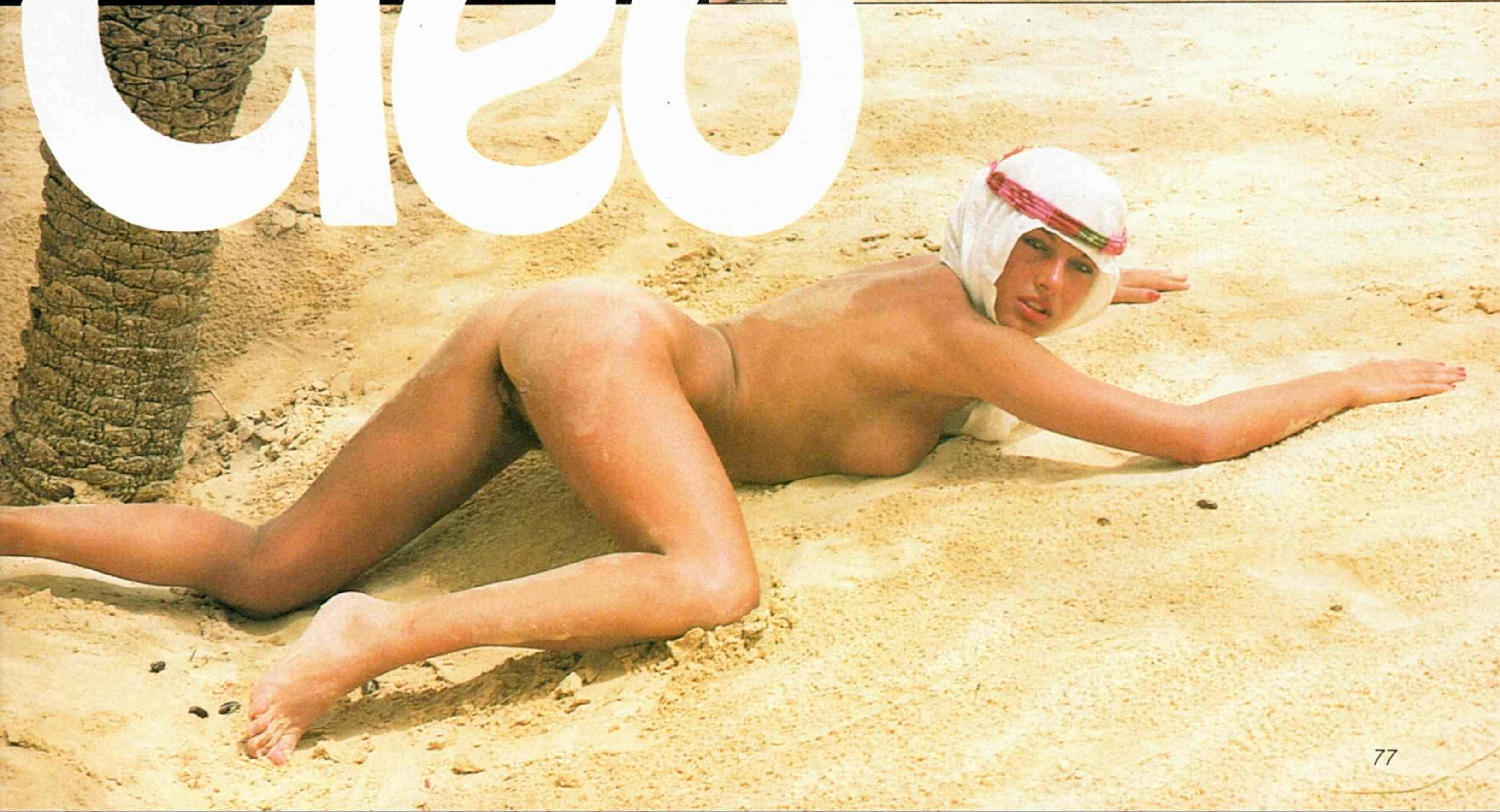

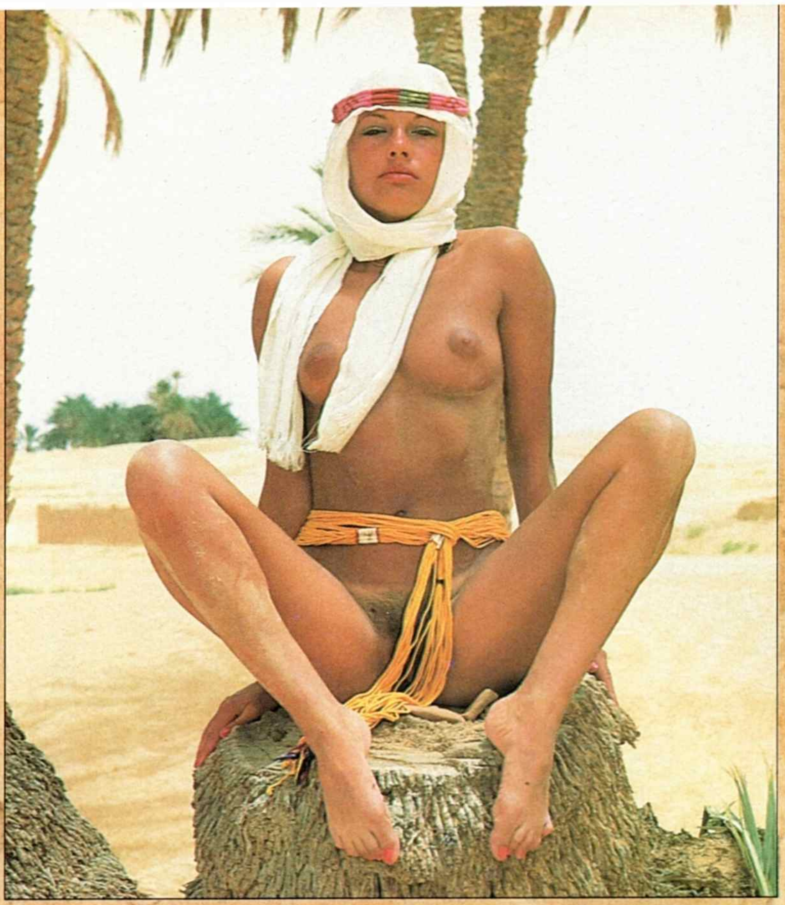

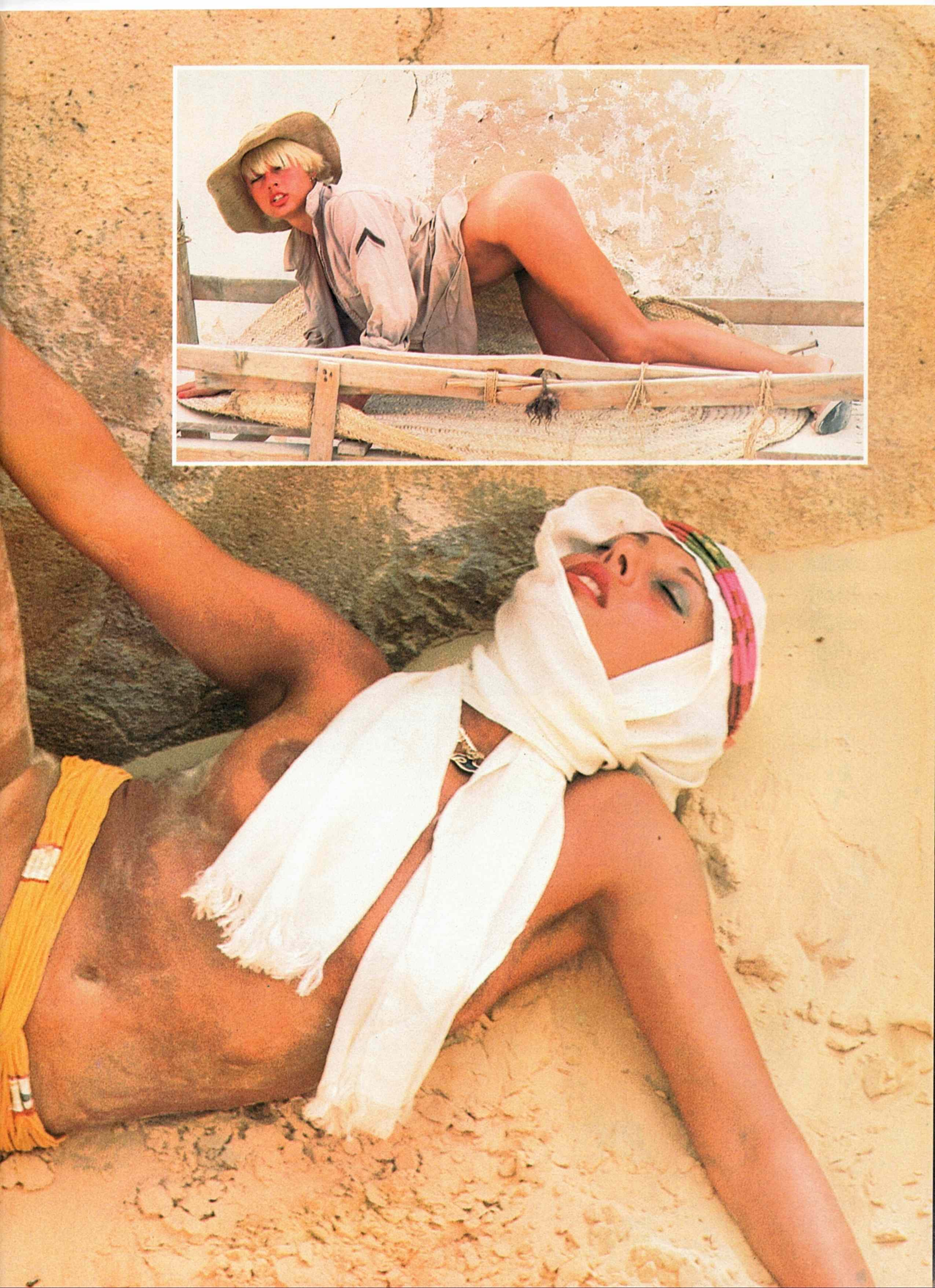

WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

I'd never touched myself up in front of a man before

A romantic novel leads to an erotic adventure in the office for unsuspecting Annie . . .

At lunchtime in my office, most people go up to the staff canteen for a guzzle and a gossip. Usually I go with them – but one day recently I decided not to bother. It was a stuffy, muggy day and I'd had quite a big breakfast and I just felt lazy and sluggish and thought I'd idle away the lunch hour reading my library book.

Well, you may not know it, but some of the Mills & Boon novels have become quite torrid and some of the sex scenes don't leave much to the imagination. They may not actually say cock and cunt, but they substitute things like 'his urgent male hardness', which tells you what they mean is a large, throbbing erection.

I kicked my shoes off, opened the bottom drawer of my desk and propped my feet up on it. I opened my book and soon I was deeply involved in a scene where the hero bursts into the heroine's bedroom, rips the thin satin nightdress off her curvy body and hurls her face down on to the bed, where he proceeds to paddle her backside before flipping her over and inserting his 'male hardness' between her 'soft, yielding flesh'.

Without thinking, I allowed my hand to travel inside my cotton blouse as I read. I had a black half-cup bra on which really pushed my breasts out and accentuated my cleavage, and my fingers slipped into it and found my nipple, which was soon aroused to hardness between my index and middle fingers. I just wasn't aware I was touching myself up – nor that I was wriggling rhythmically in my chair. I just suddenly realized that my skirt had rucked up to thigh level and that I was feeling good and juicy and creamy inside my blue bikini briefs.

By now, the hero was tonguing the heroine down from her own erect nipple to her belly button, then on to her neat, curly triangle. I gave a little shiver and placed my hand up my skirt and inside the elastic of my briefs. I played with my moist cunt.

First my middle finger, then my index finger slid easily into my hot tunnel, which was gaping wide in the centre of my plump, aching love lips. Honestly, I hadn't felt so horny for months. I read happily on, slowly and luxuriously wanking myself, dipping my fingers in and out and rubbing my thumb knuckle against my stiff clitoris in a series of fast tapping movements which, I knew from long experience, were a good way of driving myself to a steamy orgasm.

Lust-laden

I don't know what gave the game away – maybe he sighed, or groaned, or something – but I suddenly became aware that I was no longer alone. I looked up to see Dave, our office accountant, leaning in the doorway of my office (it's semi open-plan with no closing door), looking at me with a heavy-lidded, lust-laden expression. I gasped, pulled my hand away from myself and tried to straighten my skirt.

'You may as well go on; I've seen enough already,' he said throatily, licking his lips. 'Don't mind me. Give yourself one, girl . . .'

I'd never touched myself up in front of a man before and I felt exceedingly shy and embarrassed, yet there was something weirdly exciting about knowing he was watching. So, slowly, I began brushing my hand against myself, first outside my clothes, then inside. I opened my blouse, pulled one breast out and allowed it to rest naked, pushed forward and upward by my bunched up bra. Then I spread my legs apart with my feet still propped on the desk and pulled my panties down so that he could get a good look at my glistening, wet quim.

I began to massage myself slowly, taking my clitoris and squeezing its pink firmness, then finger-fucking myself, my eyes closed in a mixture of shyness and pleasure.

When I next opened them, I gave a little cry to see Dave with a magnificent cock sticking out from his black trousers. It was veined and blue-tinged, with a giant, bulbous head. He was rubbing his hand up and down it and each time he pulled his foreskin to and fro, it made a juicy, sexy noise from the spunk that had leaked out in his excitement.

'I want to taste you,' he whispered.

'Go on, then,' I urged him. He came forward and dropped to his knees in front of me, and his cock brushed my stockinged legs as he pushed his face between my thighs. When I felt his tongue, pointed and hot, lapping around my hole, I jerked and quivered in bliss, especially when he parted my labia with his hands and thrust his tongue down me as far as it would go.

Nibbled Gently

I've never felt a tongue like it. It was hard, hot and slippery and he pushed it in and out while his teeth nibbled gently on my clitty. I felt my climax coming and groaned aloud, seizing his hair and rubbing my hairy fanny all over his face, feeling his nose against my bum, then against my clitty as I frotted myself against him, smearing his face with cunt juice. I came in a series of huge, thrusting quivers and was suddenly aware of a warm, flooding sensation all down one leg. I reached down and my fingers came away wet and sticky – and as soon as I sniffed them I realized what it was. His come. He had been unable to hold back his orgasm when I'd given him that fanny picnic.

I would have liked him to fuck me then, but was scared the others might come back, so I rearranged my clothes and he stumbled out smelling strongly of cunt on heat, while I sat there trembling in front of my typewriter, with spunk drying on my nylon stocking. I didn't wipe it off but let it stay there with the central heating wafting its glorious smell to my nostrils as I worked that afternoon. I'll tell you what; I won't be going to the canteen much in the future, and I'm going to keep my desk stocked with juicy romances to get me in the mood for his next visit. I'm sure he won't keep me waiting long and I'm dying, just dying to feel that great slippery knob of his sliding past my stocking tops and burying itself to the hilt in my heated lovehole. Then I'll sit in a pool of come all afternoon . . .

Annie, Bromley

Sandy agrees to put up her brother-in-law, but ends up giving him more than just a bed for the night . . .

My sister has been married for five years and she and her husband live miles away from me, in the Yorkshire countryside. I don't usually see them very often – twice a year, maybe – as I am single and a busy businesswoman and our paths don't often cross.

However, one evening last month my sister 'phoned me and asked if I could possibly put my brother-in-law up for a night as he was coming down to Birmingham for a meeting and she thought it would be more pleasant for him than staying in a hotel. I agreed without a second's thought, looking on it as family duty.

Rather Shy

He was coming down the night before his meeting, which was early in the morning, so I went to pick him up from the station. He seemed rather shy and quiet in the car and it struck me that I'd only ever met him before in my sister's company. He offered to take me out for a meal as a thank-you gesture for putting him up and we agreed on a nice French restaurant I know.

It's funny, but, as we sat opposite each other at the small table, I felt a pang of

My nipples instantly grew hard and tingled

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WOMEN'S Writes

shyness myself; he suddenly seemed like a total stranger – a blind date, almost. As we chatted, I found myself automatically flirting with him, the way I'd flirt with any man who took me out, and he responded. As the evening progressed and the wine flowed, I found myself being really drawn to him and fancying him both physically and mentally. If only he weren't married to my sister, I thought, and I began envying her like mad.

Funny, but I'd never noticed before what broad, muscular shoulders he had, what a neat bottom, what sexy eyes, with a real aware twinkle. I found myself wondering what he and my sister got up to in bed, and my nipples instantly grew hard and tingled and there was an answering response in my clitoris. The bits of me beneath the tablecloth were getting really hot and lusty, though above table level, I kept the chat and banter going.

When we got home, I made up the spare bed and offered him a brandy nightcap. Usually, when it reaches brandy stage in my front room, clothes begin to be removed and lusts pandered to, but here I was with my brother-in-law; forbidden territory. It was a tantalizing situation and I wondered if he was thinking the same as me.

'It's been a wonderful evening. To think I never realized what a sexy sister-in-law I have,' he said teasingly, but at the same time he moved closer and kissed me gently on the cheek. I returned his kiss – on the lips – and suddenly we were clasping each other in a rough, hasty embrace, mouths devouring each other.

We tumbled off the settee onto the rug, tearing at each other's clothes in a frenzy, as if my sister were about to walk in any second and we had to do it and get it over with. I reached down and found he was ragingly hard inside his grey suit trousers, and feverishly I unzipped him, felt down inside his underpants and clasped my hand round his warm, smooth length, hauling it out above his elastic.

I delicately fingered the large bulbous circumcised knob and found it well juiced-up at the end and, bending over, I extended my tongue and lapped up his sweet liquid. He groaned, so I took that as encouragement, and, not even bothering to undress but just pulling my white lace G-string panties off one leg, I lowered my fanny over his face, parting my labia with my hands so that he could get at the sweet, moist flesh inside.

He began sucking, taking one flap at a time into his mouth and pulling at it, and then he licked at me so that my whole cunt was slippery and dripping. By now, I was bent over, working on his thick, hard shaft, running my teeth up the length as if nibbling at a corn cob, then sucking in his fleshy knob and mumbling at it with my lips, and flicking my tongue teasingly over its slitted end. From time to time, he would release a pearly drop of seminal fluid, strong and salty, which I would get on my fingers and spread over his cock.

Squeezed Hard

After giving me a good licking-out, he changed over and thrust two, then three fingers up my open slit, and began frigging me hard and fast, so that I felt a strong orgasm coming on. I cried out and grasped his shaft and squeezed hard as I jammed my cunt down on his fingers, spreading my legs wide.

But one come wasn't enough. I leapt off his fingers and moved my still-twitching pussy down over his pole, sitting with my naked bum towards him. He grasped my buttocks with both hands and began squeezing them rhythmically as I pushed up and down, contracting my powerful vaginal muscles with every down movement, so as to feel him even better, and give him more pleasure.

I reached between his legs and took his balls in one hand and began palpating them, running my fingers back along his hairy bum slit, and forward again to his bollocks, and scraping his balls with my fingernails so that they writhed in my hand.

He began jamming his cock in and out of me so fast that I gave up moving and just hovered over him, letting him fuck me and fuck me, letting the tides of approaching orgasm take me over, feeling his powerful sex muscles contract and twitch, sending strong jets of thick, hot sperm right up into my womb. There was so much spunk that it overflowed my cunt and ran down his cock and over his balls, soaking into the rug, while I lay quivering and spent, my head against his ankles.

When I had the strength to lever myself off his softening weapon, I turned round and gently licked every drop of leaked spunk off his balls and belly. Then we both flaked out, not even making it to the bed, both lying on the rug warmed by the glow of the gas fire – two sinful in-laws. I hope next time my sister rings to ask me to put him up, the eagerness in my voice won't give the game away! *Sandy, Birmingham*

All weekend, I'd lounge around in a silk kimono

Sue's virgin gardener has developed into a fine specimen that's just right for the picking . . .

I'd stuck the ad in the local newsagent's window last summer: *Help wanted for large unruly garden. More muscles than knowledge of flowers. Ring . . .*

Jon had been the only applicant. He was a spindly schoolboy, very serious-looking with large glasses perched precariously at the end of his nose. And he was very shy. But I did find out he'd just sat his 'O' levels and was waiting on the results. I hadn't been too sure about taking him on at first. He didn't look like he could lift a blade of grass, let alone push my huge lawnmower across it!

Still . . . I felt sorry for the kid. He probably needed the extra pocket money. Then I took a

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WOMEN'S Writes

look out of the kitchen window and saw the state of the garden and it decided me. Jon was better than nothing and I had no option. So he started on trial.

What was I doing in a flat with a huge garden to begin with? Well, Tony and I had split up earlier in the year and I'd kept the flat.

I'd been celibate for the first couple of months. It isn't easy getting used to being by yourself again, especially after a three-year relationship. Then, about the time Jon started work on my garden, I came out of my shell and there followed a string of men. I'd meet them at parties, pubs, even a singles club. Rick started the ball rolling. He was a great fuck and seemed to know things I didn't. After the three years with boring old Tony, Rick was something else. But then he started getting serious, so I called a halt to it.

Next came Chris. He had a thing about kitchen floors! I'd be in there, making coffee or something, and he'd come at me from behind, pull me on to the lino and have a fucking session there and then. He only lasted two weeks. It got a bit too much having to wash the floor every other day.

The garden was coming along, though. Jon used to come on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to help out. I'd watch him from my vantage point at the kitchen window, pushing that lawnmower or digging away at some flowerbed. When the sun came out, he'd strip to just his shorts and I saw a deep golden tan start to stain his white skin. After a few months, muscles appeared on his arms and legs. All in all, Jon was coming along fine; as well as the garden, in fact.

I often wondered if he noticed the string of men I brought back to the flat. Not that he would say anything, as he was still quite shy. Sometimes I lured him into the kitchen with offers of iced drinks, and started questioning him about girlfiends. But he'd blush, shuffle his feet uncomfortably and say he was too busy studying. By the tell-tale red spots on his cheeks, I sussed it. Jon was still a virgin!

Long Legs

So, in between my short-lived affairs, I'd ponder on Jon. There was the Saturday I awoke and couldn't remember the name of the guy beside me in bed. I'd struggled into the kitchen, nursing a hangover, to catch Jon actually whistling as he beavered away. I found out later on that he'd just had his results and passed all his exams. And he'd just celebrated his 18th birthday, too. Jon looked quite handsome when he was happy!

Then summer faded into autumn. Jon worked with more clothes on and I regretted not seeing those tanned arms and long legs any more. Now they were covered in old jeans and sloppy jumpers. But I did notice his glasses had gone. Jon admitted he'd started wearing contact lenses. He had lovely, sensitive eyes!

It's about those horn tablets you prescribed . . .

Okay, so the inevitable happened. I began dreaming about Jon – what he'd be like naked in bed with me. Sometimes, if there wasn't anyone to share my bed that night, I'd lie alone, working my fingers over my clit and imagining Jon. The idea took hold and I realized I'd have to be the one to de-frock him.

'Jon! Coffee's up!' I'd started my campaign a few weeks back. Firstly, I made sure there were no more men around at weekends. Secondly, I always had my make-up on, though I didn't bother about dressing up. All weekend, at least when Jon was about, I'd lounge around in a silk kimono, which came open at the front as I walked, revealing my thighs.

I heard Jon cleaning his garden wellies at the back door and I could sense the coldness he'd brought in from outdoors as he came nearer to take the mug from me.

'Why don't you sit down and have a tea break?' I suggested. Jon looked quite flushed with exertion from his morning's work. I pulled up a kitchen chair and he took off his heavy jumper. His shirt underneath was of a thick cotton, well-worn and in need of darning.

As I sat down next to him at the table, I moved my chair very close, so my legs brushed against his thigh whenever I moved. Either Jon didn't notice, or he was pretending very well. But knowing how shy he was, I reckon he wasn't even aware of what I was about to get up to.

'So,' I wanted to draw him out in conversation, 'when do you break up for the holidays?'

As Jon answered me, I shifted closer. Then I pointed to a huge hole in his shirt sleeve. 'Hey, why don't you let me mend that?' Before he could argue, I'd begun unbuttoning it.

'Look, it'll be easier if you leave it on. Come with me into the bedroom, where the needle box is . . .' And I kind of half frog-marched him into my bedroom. Poor Jon didn't stand a chance! You see, I knew it would be only a matter of time before he'd learn to use his pecker. And I wanted him to practise on *me* first.

I sat Jon on the bed, then busied myself sewing up his shirt. We were sitting very close together and I could sense his tensed-up nerves and erratic breathing.

'There, that does it.' I knotted the thread, then brought my lips down to bite the thread off. As I did so, my mouth came across the skin on his bare neck. In the same movement, I pushed him gently backwards on to the duvet.

My legs wrapped around his lower body, just in case he had thoughts of escaping. Then I began to undress him. He was stunned at first, but put up no resistance as my hands travelled all over him, undoing buttons and things. I wasn't mistaken when I felt him shiver as my hand went to his flies.

Gradually, Jon began to respond by slipping his hands under my kimono and massaging my breasts. I reacted by pulling his head down on to them. Soon we were both naked, lying on top of the quilt.

Rumpled Duvet

He was a quick learner, which wasn't surprising after gaining those eight 'O'-levels! Whatever I did to him, Jon would then repeat to me. Our arms and legs were a tangle on the rumpled duvet. I only wanted to please him: I felt this first time for him would set the seal on everything else to come and it had to be stupendous.

I was only half-aroused myself, and had been sucking his cock when he suddenly came into my mouth. The virginal liquid tasted good, but I wasn't sated. I mean, he still hadn't entered me.

So I began cajoling and stimulating him again. My mouth worked all over his most sensitive areas while my hands fondled his balls. Soon, his prick was beginning to swell again.

My cunt was well lubricated by now, and I slid down and began to help him work his manhood into me, deeper and deeper. I was breathing deeply and he was making a ragged noise in his throat. Then I rode him, harder and harder while the bed bumped in rhythm.

A spasm hit me and I screamed, causing Jon to come at once. We lay back panting and he finally managed to speak. 'Where would you like me to put the rockery?'

'Never mind that now. I've got better things for you to do . . .' and I set to work once again on his machine. *Sue, Sheffield*

club Chance would be a fine thing!

You're getting the best of both worlds here, because this sexy young thing getting a *Club Chance* comes from Paris – and so, it might be argued, she would be a worthy member of that select band of Gallic nubiles who appear in our occasional feature *The French Connection*.

However, *Club Chance* it was that got the nod after a toss of our double-headed coin. Not that it would have made any difference to you, dear readers – these pictures, under whatever heading, give you a groin-stirrin', trouser-bustin' picture of 18-year-old Genvieve, seen helping out in her mother's bookshop on the banks of the Seine in Paris, and in a more *laid back* mood, so to speak, after some ace brushwork from celebrated make-up maestro, M'selle Pilar.

And don't think for a minute that anyone's taking advantage of Genvieve's youthful innocence, either: a university student, she's expected to graduate with honours. So, as her tutor would say: *'Cette femme n'est pas un idiot.'* Translation: 'This dame ain't no mug.'

'It's absolutely wonderful what Mademoiselle Pilar has done to me,' exclaimed Genvieve when she saw our pictures. 'And now I know how I must look when I am entertaining my boyfriends. But some of them like to read Club International, so they might expect it of me.'

Photographs by Serge Jacques

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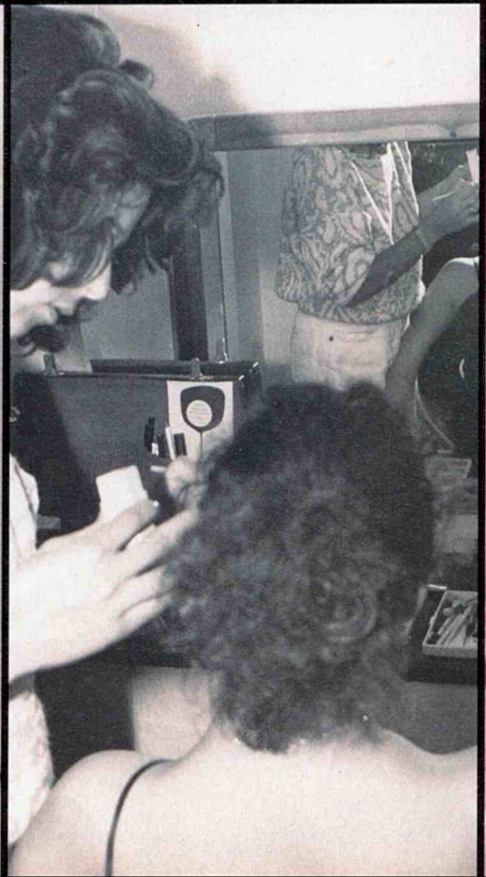

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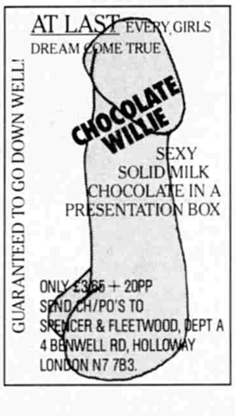

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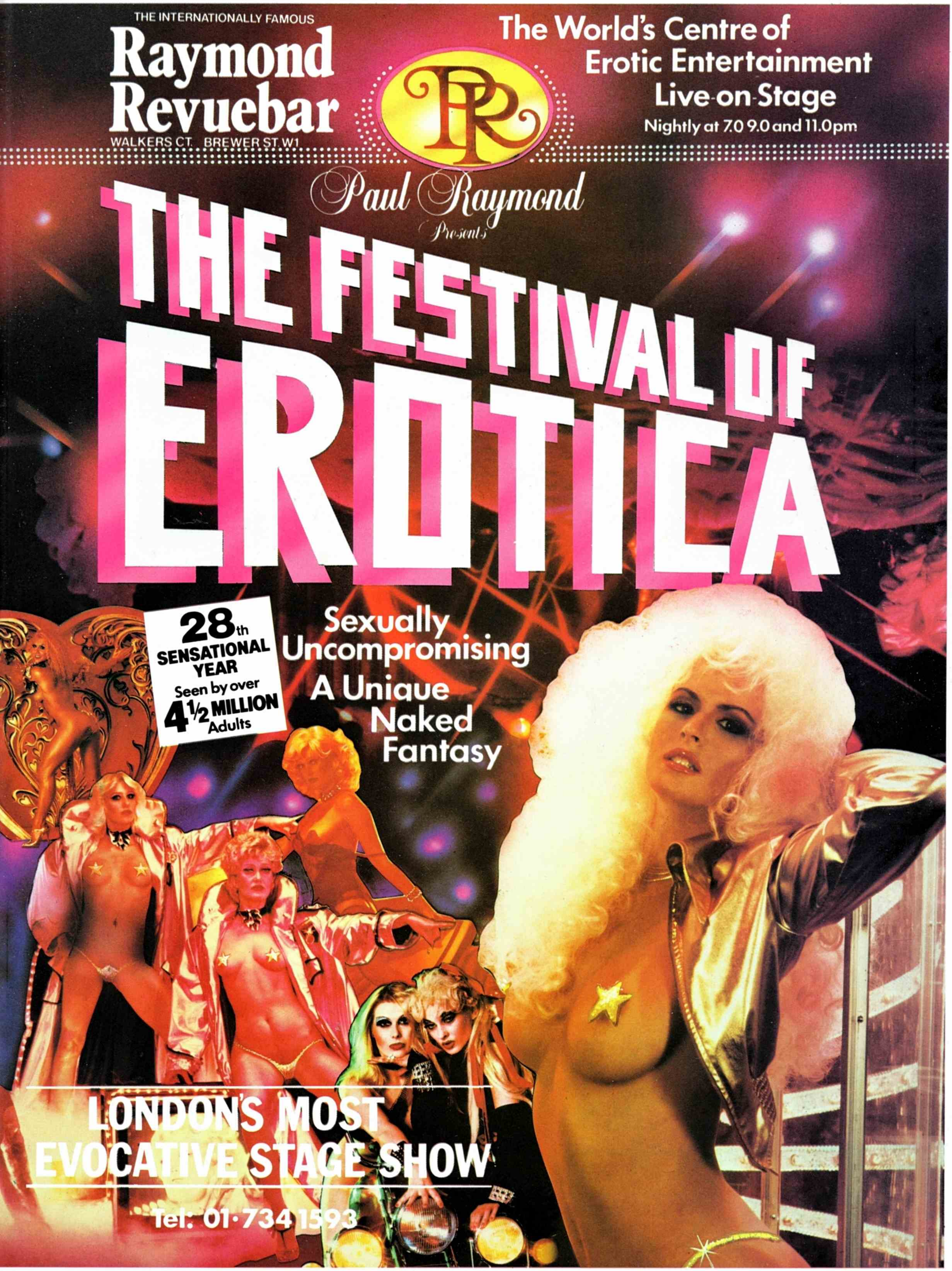

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